D'Grady.

Kilballyowen.

1607/2005.

NOVELLETTES,

Eliza Thomasina Grady

SELECTED FOR THE USE OF

Young Ladies and Gentlemen.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Written by

Mrs. GRIFFITH, Dr. GOLDSMITH, &c.

" From flower to flower, from tree to tree,
" Culling of ſweets—thus roves the bee;
" And in one fragrant heap we find,
" The quinteſſence of all combined."

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR JOHN CASH, AT THE KING'S ARMS, NO. 14, CAPEL-STREET.

M DCC LXXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
APR

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The

iſt on earth for Captain Valmore but his ſon. To the care of his education he devoted his every thought; and when the youth had reached the age of eighteen, the fond father thought his ſon muſt be happy, becauſe he was perfectly ſatisfied that his principles were noble, and his heart good. He procured a commiſſion for him from one of his former friends, in the ſame regiment in which he had ſerved; equipped him properly for the ſervice, and preſented him with a hundred louis d'ors, "which (he ſaid) he had ſaved from the poor, who ſhould, from that time, be heirs to his ſuperfluities."

About a month before young Valmore was ordered to join his regiment, in one of his morning walks he happened to ſee a chariot overturned by the negligence of the coachman, and heard a female voice give a loud ſcream. He flew to offer his aſſiſtance, and beheld a moſt beautiful girl, about ſixteen, who had fainted from the fright and ſhock ſhe had ſuſtained. He ſoon releaſed her from the carriage, caught her in his arms, and bore her to a bank before the ſervants who attended her could come

come up. A few minutes brought her to herſelf; and the modeſt confuſion ſhe expreſſed at finding her head leaning on the boſom of a ſtranger, compleated the conqueſt which the beauties of her form and features, even in that death-like ſtate, had already begun. She expreſſed her gratitude in the moſt elegant terms; and as ſhe had received no injury, except fright, from the accident, ſaid, "She would accept of his arm to convey her home, as the diſtance to her father's houſe was not more than a quarter of a mile." When arrived ſhe preſented him as her Deliverer to her mother, Madame De Forhele, who, upon hearing his name, acknowledged an acquaintance with his family, and preſſed him to paſs the day with her and the lovely Julia, as Monſieur De Forhele was then abſent.

From that time Valmore appeared both to himſelf, and to every one who ſaw him, a new being; an idea of happineſs which he had never before conceived animated his whole frame, his eyes ſparkled with unuſual luſtre, he ſcarcely touched the ground as he walked, and the ſound of his voice ſeemed

ſeemed to vie, for muſical ſprightlineſs, with the morning lark.

He roſe before the ſun next day, in order to renew his viſit, mounted his horſe, and found himſelf at Monſieur Forhele's, long before any of the family were ſtirring. He rambled about the adjacent country, impatiently waiting for the riſing of his bright luminary; and had again the happineſs of paſſing the day under her benignant auſpices. At this ſecond interview he was introduced to Monſieur Forhele, who received him with civil reſerve and diſtant courteſy; but our Hero was by no means ſenſible of any peculiar ſlight from his behaviour, as he thought himſelf in every reſpect his equal.

The days now flew away on downy wings with Valmore, as none of them paſſed without ſeeing and converſing with his adored Julia, who now ſeemed to think with him, that the hand of Providence had guided him to the ſpot where they firſt met, and that they of courſe were deſtined for each other. Full of this juvenile idea, "What hinders then (ſaid Valmore, as he walked

ed with Julia in the gardens of Forhele), what hinders me to avow my paſſion to your father, to implore his conſent to our union, to our becoming the happieſt pair that the bleſt ſun can ſee, even in his annual courſe."

Before Julia could ſtart an objection to this propoſal, Monſ. Forhele gave him an opportunity to try its effect, by walking towards them with a countenance full of reſentment. Valmore was no Phyſiognomiſt, he read no face but Julia's. He threw himſelf at Forhele's feet; declared the ardour of his love; and added, that he hoped his reſpectful tenderneſs had inſpired his fair miſtreſs with ſuch a predilection in his favour, as to approve his paſſion.

With the moſt inſulting coldneſs Monſ. Forhele replied, "Your alliance, Sir, would, doubtleſs, do me infinite honour; but I am both ſurpriſed and ſorry that my daughter ſhould have diſpoſed of her affections without my conſent, as it is not from her choice but mine ſhe muſt receive a huſband, and you are by no means the perſon I ſhould chuſe. I muſt therefore deſire you to

retire immediately, and never more repeat your viſits here."

When Valmore returned home, the traces of the deepeſt deſpair were viſible in his countenance; his father was immediately alarmed, and tenderly enquired the cauſe of his affliction. As ſoon as the unhappy youth could give utterance to his grief, he exclaimed, "O! Sir, receive into your boſom the ſighs of a wretch who is weary of his exiſtence, and who is no longer worthy to live, for having wanted confidence in the beſt of fathers! But I will repair my fault, and avow a paſſion which is only rendered criminal by concealment." He then related every thing that had paſſed between him and Julia, and with ſtreaming eyes implored his father to ſolicit Monſ. Forhele's conſent to their union.

The good old gentleman, though ſoftened by his ſon's diſtreſs, ſaw the folly of his purſuit, and commanded him in the moſt peremptory tone to join his regiment immediately. "There (ſaid he) my beloved Valmore may have opportunities to render himſelf worthy

worthy of the amiable Julia. Love makes heroes; and if your miſtreſs deſerves your attachment, fear not that even a father's power can rob you of her heart; no force can ſubdue a paſſion founded on eſteem. If ſhe can give her affections to another, that ought to conſole you for her loſs, by ſhewing her to be unworthy of you."

Our young ſoldier's ſpirits were fired by this diſcourſe; he tenderly embraced his father, ſaid he was ready to depart that moment, and truſted that his future conduct ſhould never deviate from the noble ſentiments with which his father's precepts and example had inſpired him.

It was impoſſible, however, that he ſhould ſet out without taking leave of Julia. He was forbid the Caſtle of Forhele; but he found means to convey a letter to her filled with the tendereſt profeſſions of love and ever-during conſtancy. In her reply, ſhe approved his reſolution; called Heaven to witneſs, that her heart ſhould never be beſtowed on any other object, though certain that ſhe never more ſhould ſee

him, as her father's cruelty muſt quickly end her days; and begged he would forget her, though her laſt ſigh, ſhe vowed, ſhould breathe the name of Valmore.

This tender billet quickly baniſhed all the ſalutary advice he had received from his father; his paſſion was augmented by the idea of Julia's ſufferings, and to forſake her in ſuch a ſituation appeared diſhonourable. He inſtantly reſolved to reſcue her from her father's tyranny; and at all events to become her huſband and protector through life. He wrote to her to this effect, imploring her to throw herſelf into his arms; adding, "that he had a rich uncle at Falaiſe, in Normandy, who would, he was certain, receive and cheriſh them both; that under his protection they would have nothing to fear from her family; that there they ſhould be indiſſolubly joined, and that the ſtudy of his whole life ſhould be to render her happy."

The moment he had ſent off this letter, his heart was torn to pieces by the idea of the deceitfulneſs of his conduct

duct towards his father, and of the anguiſh he muſt feel when he ſhould diſcover his ſon's flight: but paſſion triumphed over filial affection; and to avoid the painful ſight of a parent whom he loved and honoured, though he diſobeyed, he took leave of him, as intending to join his regiment directly. Old Valmore was pleaſed at his ſeeming impatience to become a ſoldier, repeated his parental admonitions, embraced and bleſſed him.

Our young adventurer travelled no farther than to the next village, which was about a league from the Caſtle of Forhele, and there waited the return of his meſſenger with Julia's anſwer, which was to determine both their fates. Judge of his diſtraction when he read the following words:

"IT is over! You have removed the veil that concealed your real ſentiments and from this moment I tear aſunder the ties that attached me to you. The purity of my own mind made me think your's virtuous. In that idea I found an excuſe for my weakneſs, and gave myſelf up to the delightful thought of

being beloved by the worthieſt of men: this was a conſolation for all my ſorrows, and I ſhould have cheriſhed it to my lateſt hour. But you have baniſhed this illuſion, and in its room have ſhewn me a wretch, who would lead my unſuſpecting fondneſs to ſhame and miſery; that would load me with the reproaches of my injured parents, and tempt me to diſgrace a reſpectable family, by bringing infamy on myſelf. This, inhuman as you are, is the return you make to tenderneſs like mine!

"Contemptible as you are, I ſtill pity you; my tears at this moment will not be reſtrained; but I will dry their ſource, by baniſhing your idea from my heart.

"Adieu, for ever

JULIA."

The inſtant ſtroke of lightning could not have had a more ſudden, nor, indeed, a much more fatal effect upon Valmore, than the peruſal of thoſe lines:

The

The damps of death bedewed his face,
He ſighed, he groaned, he fell!

The good folks of the cottage where he lodged ran to his aſſiſtance, and brought him back to miſery. On the inſtant he wrote to his offended fair-one, in the following terms:

"THE Wretch who has offended Julia does not deſerve to live! nor will he longer endure a being which her contempt has rendered odious to him. But before he takes his everlaſting leave of all his heart holds dear, examine his offence, and try if you have not misjudged him, and miſtaken the innocent ardour of his paſſion for the artful plan of a Seducer.

"I cannot bear the thought, nor will I attempt to excuſe what you think criminal. You have withdrawn your love; my life depended on that only. The moment I receive a confirmation of that cruel ſentence, my death ſhall rid you of a being that muſt be hateful to

to you, and in the grave, at leaſt, I ſhall elude your hate.

Adieu, for ever!"

He had no ſooner diſpatched the letter, than the agitation of mind he had ſuffered began to operate upon his body; he was ſeized with a fever, and became delirious in a few hours. The tender Julia was almoſt as much diſtracted as her lover when ſhe had read his letter; ſhe feared the violence of his reſentment at her unjuſt ſuſpicions, might tempt him to deſtroy himſelf, and willingly would ſhe have laid down her life to have ſaved his.

Her father and mother were at that time on a viſit. What hindered her ſeeing him once more, granting his pardon, and bidding him farewel for ever? No time was to be loſt; ſhe mounted behind his ſervant, and arrived at the cottage where he lay, as quick as the horſe's ſpeed could carry her. Valmore, as I have already ſaid, was ſenſeleſs, but her loved voice ſoon lured his reaſon back, and the ſoft tears ſhe ſhed upon his cheek diſpelled the fever's rage; ſhe gave him leave to

plead

plead his pardon as ſoon as his health would permit, and gave him a key which would open an entrance to her father's garden, where he ſhould come at midnight, before he ſet out for the army, and receive her laſt adieu.

Need I ſay that Julia's preſence, as if by magic, reſtored the health and happineſs of Valmore? He availed himſelf of her permiſſion to ſue his pardon at her feet on the enſuing night, and many interviews enſued; at each of which Julia became leſs ſhocked at the idea which had at firſt ſo much alarmed her prudence. To be ſhort, ſhe at length conſented to elope, and the Lovers ſet out accordingly for Falaiſe.

Valmore truly loved his miſtreſs; his behaviour to her, therefore, during their long journey was bounded by the moſt reſpectful tenderneſs, which, however, could not diſſipate the ſorrow ſhe felt, from the conſciouſneſs of having acted wrong. The moment they arrived at Falaiſe, Valmore left Julia at the Inn, and flew to his uncle's houſe. He was received with the moſt cordial careſſes

careſſes by the old gentleman, till the impatient youth declared the occaſion of his viſit, and implored his parental protection for one far dearer than himſelf, The ſcene was quickly changed; inſtead of careſſes, he was loaded with reproaches, and bade to fly with his infamous companion for ever from his ſight.

At his return to the Inn, Julia read her fate in Valmore's looks; he was incapable of revealing the anguiſh of his mind by words; he threw himſelf at her feet, and bathed them with tears. "I know it all (ſaid ſhe); we are completely ruined; we have offended Heaven, and deſerve our puniſhment. I became a ſharer in your guilt, from the moment I calmly liſtened to the fatal propoſal that has undone us both.—But I will not reproach you."

The unhappy fugitives paſſed the night in tears, without being able to form any plan for their future conduct or ſubſiſtence; towards morning they retired to their ſeparate chambers, and Valmore's exhauſted ſpirits were refreſhed by a profound ſlumber. It was late

late when he awoke, and the firſt object that ſtruck his ſight, was a letter that had been thruſt under the door of his chamber; he took it haſtily up, and read as follows:

"RETURN thanks to Heaven, my dear Valmore, for the happy reſolution with which it has inſpired me. Thoſe illuſions of felicity with which we flattered ourſelves are vaniſhed, and in their room the moſt horrid realities remain for both, if we continue together My flight will prevent your miſery, and may in time ſecure my repoſe; at leaſt I will bury my faults and my ſhame together in a Cloyſter.

"Adieu!

"Strive to forget the unhappy Julia!"

I will not pretend to deſcribe Valmore's ſituation when he had read this fatal billet; ſuffice it to ſay, that it was very little ſhort of diſtraction. He flew to the adjacent Convents, and made fruitleſs enquiries for his Julia; no one could give him tidings of her. He queſtioned every human creature he met

met on the highways if they had ſeen his love; and for many months continued his vain purſuit, without ever ſleeping under a roof; his countenance became ferocious, and his figure ſqualid, ſo as to inſpire every one who ſaw him with horror.

After enduring a variety of miſery, and being totally devoid of the means of ſubſiſtence, he enliſted as a common ſoldier in a regiment which was then going to ſerve in Germany. During the campaign he ſought death, even in the cannon's mouth, in vain; all that he wiſhed eluded his purſuit, and he dragged on a wretched exiſtence in deſpite of himſelf. In this deplorable ſtate he continued almoſt five years, till at the concluſion of the war, the army marched into winter quarters at Frankfort.

Valmore's deſpair alone could withſtand the joy that then univerſally reigned in that great city; he ſhunned the haunts of men, and lived in the wild woods alone. He happened in one of his ſequeſtered walks to ſee his Colonel drive by with a Lady in a chariot,

riot, and he paid with ſullenneſs the uſual compliment of a ſalute to his commander. On the inſtant his eyes ſeemed faſcinated; the form of Julia appeared to his bewildered imagination, a thick darkneſs overſhadowed his ſight, and he ſunk ſenſeleſs to the earth.

The Colonel ordered one of his ſervants to diſmount, and take care of Valmore. When he came to himſelf, he eagerly enquired who the Lady was that he had ſeen in the chariot; and was informed, that ſhe was a Lady of *eaſy virtue*, whom Monſ. De Farbanne, his Colonel, was remarkably fond of. He then exclaimed aloud, "It is impoſſible! Dear ſhade, forgive the injury which for a moment my raſh thoughts have done thee!"

On his return to Frankfort, the likeneſs between Julia and the Lady he had ſeen, ſtill haunted him, and he reſolved to clear his doubts by an interview. The next morning he found out her houſe, and deſired permiſſion to ſee her; ſhe immediately ſuppoſed he brought ſome meſſage from his Colonel, and permitted his admiſſion to her

her preſence. She was alone; he gazed on her till all his doubts were paſſed, and then with ſtreaming eyes addreſſed her thus: "Ah, Julia! have theſe tears flowed for thy loſs ſo long, to find thee thus! Is this the Cloyſter in which you wiſh to bury the hapleſs errors of an innocent love? And didſt thou leave the chaſte, the tender arms of the deſpairing Valmore, to plunge into the horrors of vice and infamy?"

Though the change which ſo many years of miſery had wrought in Valmore, prevented her knowing him at at firſt, his accents and his words quickly recalled his former image to her recollection, and made her ruſh into his arms, exclaiming aloud, "It is; it is my Valmore!" Then tearing herſelf from him, ſhe threw herſelf on a couch, burſt into tears, and turned away her face. "Cruel Julia (ſaid Valmore)! wouldſt thou again deprive me of thy ſight?"

"Yes (ſhe replied), I wiſh to fly from thee, of all mankind, becauſe I am unworthy of thy love, and have forfeited every claim to my own eſteem, as well

well as thine; thy contempt, my own, and that of all that know me is my portion. Yet heaven is my witneſs, that when I quitted thee, I meant to conſecrate my heart to God, and in a Convent expiate the crime of having diſobeyed my parents, for that thou knoweſt was then the only guilt my ſoul was conſcious of.

"In vain did I repeatedly implore admittance at different Monaſteries; my dreſs, my youth, and even my beauty, were objections to my being received into any. I had no means of aſſuring them that my penſion would be paid; and they ſeemed to conſider me as a wretch who had been ſeduced from virtue, who might poſſibly carry about me the effect of my ſuppoſed crime, and diſgrace their community. In conſequence of theſe reiterated diſappointments, I returned to the Inn where I had left you; but you had fled from thence like an arrow in the air, and left no trace behind.

"Diſtracted with my grief and not knowing whether to direct my ſteps, I wandered on, reſolving to lye down and

and die, when my poor feeble limbs could not convey me farther.—That hour approached, I breathed a prayer for you, and ſat me down beſide a little brook, hoping each ſigh I drew would be my laſt. A chaiſe came driving on. I had not ſtrength to move out of the way, though called to by the poſtillions. The horſes ſtopped to water. A Lady who was in the carriage gazed upon me, and became intereſted by my appearance; ſhe ſpoke to me with kindneſs. I anſwered not but with my tears. She alighted and took me by the hand, bid me be of comfort, and preſſed me to accept a ſeat in her carriage to the next Inn, where ſhe would endeavour by any means in her power to be ſerviceable to me.

The voice of pity ſoothed my breaking heart, and as well as I was able I expreſſed my gratitude, and accepted her offer. To be ſhort, I acquainted her with my diſtreſsful ſtory, concealing only my name and family. She conveyed me to her houſe at Rouen, and treated me like a ſiſter. But judge of my diſtreſs, Valmore, when I diſcovered that my amiable benefactreſs, though ſhe poſſeſſed all others, was deficient

ficient in the moſt material of all female virtues! A thouſand times did I reſolve to quit her; but the charms of her converſation, the gentleneſs of her manners, and, above all, her generoſity and kindneſs to me, prevented me. Vice is contagious; ſpare my confuſion, Valmore, and gueſs the reſt."

"If you have virtue enough left (ſaid Valmore) to bluſh at your unhappy ſituation, you ſurely will conſent to quit it. Fly, my adorable Julia! fly from the paths of Vice! Renounce theſe gilded trappings, theſe marks of infamy; repent in humble poverty, ſtrive to atone thy crimes by patient ſuffering, and in thy faithful Lover's arms regain thy virtue." "Heaven (ſaid Julia) is witneſs of my ſincere repentance; but whether ſhall we fly?"

As ſhe pronounced theſe words, Colonel Farbanne entered. He ſtood amazed at ſeeing Valmore, and obſerved that they were both diſſolved in tears; then turning to him ſaid, "What doſt thou here? Begone this inſtant!" "Do you begone! (ſaid Valmore) Vice is forbidden now to enter here." "What means

means this inſolence?" replied the Colonel, and raiſed his cane to ſtrike at Valmore, who at that moment drew his ſword, ſaying, "The very garb he wore, forbade his receiving the indignity he had offered, and bid him inſtantly defend himſelf." The Colonel drew, and in a moment Valmore's too furious arm directed his weapon's point to his antagoniſt's heart, who fell dead on the inſtant.

Valmore was quickly ſeized, torn from his Julia's arms, who begged to accompany him, and thrown into a dungeon. A Court-Martial was immediately called, and he was ſentenced to be ſhot on the next day. He received his ſentence with firmneſs. The hope he felt of having recalled his beloved Julia to the paths of virtue ſat ſmiling at his heart. He marched to execution between two ranks of his former fellow ſoldiers with a manly ſtep and an elevated air. His eyes alone were dry.

As he approached the fatal ſpot, he heard a tumultuous ſound. He turned his head, and ſaw a woman pale and diſhevelled, ruſhing through the croud; he

he heard his name pronounced by a ſoft dying voice, and at that inſtant Julia caught him in her arms. Exhauſted, trembling, ſighing, ſhe expired, and ſunk upon the earth never to riſe again. The now diſtracted Valmore could not ſupport her in his eager arms, for they were pinioned; he threw himſelf upon the ground beſide her, and fell into ſtrong convulſions. Inſenſibility ſucceeded theſe emotions; he was remanded back to priſon, and ere the next day's dawn, his ſpirit was releaſed from his poor ſuffering clay and free to ſeek the kindred ſoul of Julia.

STORY

CONJUGAL FIDELITY:

OR,

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

A GENUINE STORY.

BY THE SAME.

A VERY moderate knowledge in Hiſtory may inſtruct any intelligent perſon, that great events have frequently been produced by the moſt trivial cauſes, and that the fame of ſome of our greateſt heroes, both antient and modern, has been derived from accidents perfectly inſignificant in themſelves, and which owed their conſequence merely to the adventitious circumſtances of time, place, or occaſion.

The bravery of that renowned warrior, the redoubted Achilles, as well as that of his ſtill nobler and braver (becauſe not invulnerable) adverſary, the gallant Hector, would never have reached our ears, if there had not happened to be a man born at Chios, Rhodes, Smyrna, Colophon, Argos, Salamis, or Athens *, who from the loſs of his ſight was deprived of any other means of obtaining the *ſine quâ non* of thoſe, and indeed of all times, by any other method but that of chaunting forth the military exploits of the aforeſaid heroes, in ſtrains at once ſo ſweet and ſonorous, that they will in all probability be trumpeted down to our lateſt poſterity, even till the laſt trump ſhall ſilence all the Heralds upon earth.

The fame of thoſe perſons already mentioned, as well as of all the other illuſtrious perſonages recorded in the Iliad, was alſo in a great meaſure owing to the romantic ſpirit of thoſe old-faſhioned times, in which they had the advantage of being born. For if Ma-

* *The names of the ſeven Cities that claim the honour of Homer's nativity.*

dam

dam Helen were alive at this day, and were to elope, as formerly ſhe did, with Enſign Paris, her flight might, perhaps, furniſh a paragraph for a Newſpaper, but would not even rouſe her Captain Menelaus to challenge her paramour to ſingle combat, or ſo much as inſpire any of our ballad-mongers to bewail her miſhap to the tune of *The Lady's Down-fall.* So greatly are we improved of late in good-ſenſe, politeneſs, and the true mode of *ſçavoir vivre*, that thoſe little peccadillos which our formal anceſtors made ſuch a fuſs, about, are treated by us, their wiſer poſterity, merely *en bagatelle.*

The unlucky wife of Menelaus, then, is gibbeted to perpetual infamy, and hung up as a ſolitary ſcare-crow for ſchool boys to hoot at, only for the ſame offence which my Lady, and Mrs. A, B, C, D, and ſo on from Alpha to Omega, have committed, without leaving any records of their tranſgreſſions, except what may be found in the Archives of Doctors Commons.——Alas, poor Helen!

But though this fair Lady has been

rather unkindly treated, by being handed down to us as a *ſingle* inſtance of Conjugal Infidelity, I am apt to believe that Homer was a much more ſingular character than Helen, and that there has been a greater ſcarcity of ſuch Poets than of ſuch wives, in all times. I aſk pardon of my own, and every body elſe's Grandmother. As I have ventured thus boldly to ſuppoſe that there have been ſome frail Dames whoſe faults lie buried with them, I can as readily believe, that there have been many bright and ſhining examples of conjugal and maternal virtue, in the ſofter ſex, whoſe—" good has been interred with their bones."—And though Arria and Portia had for ages uſurped the firſt female form in the Temple of Fame, till Lord Lyttelton, in his elegant Dialogues of the Dead, with the juſtice of a Minos, made the haughty Dames give place to, and own the ſuperiority of, the mild Octavia; I am convinced there are alſo many others whoſe virtues might claim precedence, or, at leaſt, an equal rank with either of thoſe heroines——

" Full

" Full many a gem, of pureſt ray
" ſerene,
" The dark unfathom'd caves of
" Ocean bear;
" Full many a flower is born to bluſh
" unſeen,
" And waſte its ſweetneſs on the de-
" ſart air."

One proof is worth a thouſand aſſertions; I ſhall, therefore, relate a little ſtory, which has been handed down by *tradition* in an Iriſh family of my acquaintance; for, alas! that nation has not yet been bleſſed with an Homer or a Tacitus to record its heroic deeds.

At the time of the late Civil Wars, about the year 1640, there lived in the County of Kilkenny, in Ireland, a Gentleman, of the name of Pansfield, who was deſcended from an Engliſh family that had received a grant of ſome lands in that country from Queen Elizabeth, which their induſtry had improved into a good eſtate. Some time before the æra I have mentioned, this Gentleman had married the beautiful Elvina Butler, a near relation to the Ormond family, endowed with every grace and accompliſhment that ſuited her high birth. Yet,

ſpite of all the fair Elvina's charms, Mr. Pansfield was not happy in the poſſeſſion of them, nor ſuffered her to be ſo. He was diſſatisfied at her not having children, and, while he indulged himſelf in the loweſt amours, affected to be jealous of her ſpotleſs conduct and pure affection: thus were they ſituated when the fatal event of the Iriſh Maſſacre took place, in which ſo many Engliſh Proteſtants were deſtroyed. The native Iriſh had naturally an averſion to all the Engliſh ſettlers, bnt their general diſlike was heightened into a peculiar hatred for Mr. Pansfield, from the unkindneſs of his treatment to his amiable wife.

Elvina had been brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. Mr. Pansfield had baniſhed her Confeſſor, and forbidden any Prieſt to enter his houſe. This was an aggravation of his former offences, and rouſed the uncharitable zeal of bigotry ſo highly againſt him, that he was marked for one of the firſt victims that was to be ſacrificed to the honour of their *holy* faith. They therefore determined to ſet fire to his houſe at midnight, and deſtroy him and all his Proteſtant domeſtics in the flames: yet they wiſhed to preſerve Elvina; and

and for that purpoſe ſent a Prieſt in diſguiſe to warn her of ſome approaching danger, and adviſe her on ſome pretence or other to quit her houſe that night.

The unfortunate Prieſt who was ſent upon this embaſſy, was met and diſcovered by Mr. Pansfield, before he could make known his errand to Elvina. The enraged huſband, either ſtung with jealouſy, or affecting to be ſo, fell upon the miſerable Eccleſiaſtic, and beat him ſo unmercifully, that he died of his bruiſes in a few days after; his fury then vented itſelf on his unhappy wife, whom he turned out of his houſe, and confined in a little ſummer alcove in his garden, without any food except bread and water. Her impriſonment, however, was not of a long duration; for the night after, the door of her gaol was thrown open by the ſame hand that had ſet fire to the dwelling-houſe, which ſhe beheld in flames. Her lamentations for the unhappy fate of her undeſerving huſband, whom ſhe ſuppoſed to have periſhed in the conflagration, filled the air, and affected even the hearts of thoſe who had planned his deſtruction. "Her

ſoul refuſed comfort;" and ſhe determined to devote the remainder of her days to ſorrow for his death, and to remain a voluntary priſoner, even in the very place to which his unjuſt and miſtaken reſentment had confined her.

The troubles that then raged through all parts of Ireland, made her unhappy ſituation leſs remarkable than it would have been in a calmer ſeaſon, and ſhe was ſuffered to indulge her ſorrows alone, unmoleſted by foes, and unaſſiſted by friends.

Thoſe of her domeſtics who had eſcaped the flames, fled to diſtant parts for ſafety, and but one faithful ſervant only remained to ſhare her miſeries, for ſhe had now ſcarce any thing elſe to ſhare; her lands were plundered, and her cattle ſtolen; ſo that the produce of her garden, and the milk of a cow, were all the ſubſiſtence that now remained to her and her attendant.

On the third night after this dreadful event, as ſhe was ſitting almoſt drowned in tears, ſhe perceived by the light of the moon, a man enter her little cell, whoſe

whoſe figure reſembled her huſband. Impreſſed with the idea that it muſt have been his ghoſt, ſhe fell upon her knees before him, and ſolemnly proteſted the innocence of her paſt life, and intreated his forgiveneſs for having, even involuntarily, offended him. But what was her ſurprize and joy, when he told her that he had eſcaped the horrid death his enemies deſigned for him, and that he had remained for the laſt three days hid in the cave of Dunmore, which was about a quarter of a mile from his late dwelling-houſe! He added, that he had ſubſiſted, during that time, upon the petrified water which hung round the cave; but no longer able to bear the agonizing pangs of hunger, he had reſolved to meet that death he could not in his preſent ſituation ſhun; that he was then in her power; and that if ſhe wiſhed for vengeance on him, ſhe might give him up a ſacrifice to his foes.

With tranſport, far exceeding all deſcription, ſhe caught him in her arms, renewed her vows of love and duty to him, and inſtantly flew to bring him ſuch relief as her poor condition could

furniſh. They paſſed that night together, to her the happieſt ſhe had ever known, and at the dawn of day he retired again to his cave; at noon ſhe viſited his lonely dwelling, and brought with her the beſt ſupply her ſcanty means could yield; and he returned to her embrace at night.

They paſſed ſeveral months in this anxious and clandeſtine commerce together, when, to their mutual ſorrow, Elvina, found herſelf with child. This additional circumſtance of diſtreſs abated not her fond attention to her adored huſband, though it rendered her daily attendance on him more difficult and painful. Through rains, through fogs, through froſts and ſnow, ſhe daily waited on him, and nightly lighted up her neat abode with the bright ſmiles of chearful innocence.

In the midſt of this mixed ſcene of happineſs and woe, Elvina became the mother of a female child, a young Elvina, and both her joys and cares were doubled. The lovely infant drew its nouriſhment from that ſoft boſom which had denied herſelf almoſt the neceſſary ſupport of life to cheriſh its loved

ed father, who was now become the tendereſt, beſt of huſbands; as was Elvina, ſpite of her diſtreſsful circumſtances, the moſt contented of wives.

Two years and more had elapſed before Elvina's ſituation became an object of attention, even to her neareſt friends; the dreadful ſcene of the maſſacre was long ſince over, but Ireland was ſtill rent with inteſtine commotions; the Royaliſts and Parlimentarians were but new names for Proſecutors and Perſecuted; and each ſide exchanged thoſe titles, as their parties roſe or fell.

But, notwithſtanding the ſtorms which had overwhelmed that wretched land, Mr. Pansfield might have appeared again upon the ſtage of life, and claimed his inheritance, if the death of the Prieſt whom he had ſacrificed to his ill-founded ſuſpicion, had not ſubjected him to a criminal proſecution, which he was certain would not only take place, but be carried on with the utmoſt malevolence againſt him; particularly as the Royaliſts, who were moſtly Roman Catholics, were then in poſſeſſion of all the places of truſt and power.

He

He therefore, at Elvina's earneſt requeſt, ſubmitted to his ſituation, and waited for more favourable times to make his ſecond entrance in the world. Mean while, ſhe was ſtrongly importuned by many of her relations to quit her ſolitary abode, to ſue for the recovery of Mr. Pansfield's fortune, and to live as became her ſtation in the world.

In anſwer to their ſolicitations, ſhe pleaded the vow ſhe had made, at her huſband's death, of remaining a recluſe, in that ſpot which ſhe had choſen, for the remainder of her days. Her friends were at length wearied out with her obſtinacy, and left her to enjoy her ſolitude in peace. Mr. Pansfield's next heir took poſſeſſion of his eſtate, and allowed his ſuppoſed widow ſome trifling pittance, with the poſſeſſion of her beloved retreat to dwell in.

The part of the country in which ſhe lived, was almoſt uninhabited; ſhe was therefore totally free from the reſtraint of prying eyes; and cuſtom had rendered the life they led leſs irkſome than could be imagined, both to Mr. Pansfield and Elvina; their apprehenſions with

with regard to his ſafety every day grew leſs, and in the winter months he but ſeldom viſited his former aſylum in the cave.

When they had paſſed about three years in this retirement,

" The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

it happened that a Prieſt of a neighbouring pariſh, travelling over the plain of Dunmore, near Elvina's dwelling, in the winter, was overtaken by a violent fall of ſnow, and ſought for ſhelter beneath her roof. He entered without ceremony, and, to his amazement, found Mr. Pansfield, the young Elvina and her mother, ſeated by their little fire. A ſight like this would have affected any heart that was not rendered callous by bigotry. To ſee even an enemy fallen from a happy ſtate, and patiently ſubmitting to misfortune, would ſoften even the moſt obdurate mind, that was not tainted with the true *Catholic* zeal for vengeance upon heretics.

A deſire

A deſire of revenge, which he called juſtice for his brother's blood, immediately poſſeſſed the Prieſt; he thought proper, however, to ſtifle his reſentment at the time; and on Elvina's imploring him upon her knees to conceal the diſcovery he had made, he promiſed ſecrecy; and, when the ſtorm was over, departed, leaving his canting peace and benediction behind him.

That there is no faith to be held with heretics, is one of the tenets of the *Mother* Church, and our pious Prieſt was too good a ſon to infringe his mother's precepts. He, therefore, ſet out directly to the next Juſtice of the Peace, and gave in an information againſt Mr. Pansfield, for the murder of the Prieſt whom he had killed on the day preceding the night in which his houſe was ſet on fire; and not only directed the Juſtice to the place where the culprit might be found, but became a voluntary convoy to the Sheriff, and led them to poor Elvina's little peaceful cottage before the break of day.

They inſtantly ſeized on Mr. Pansfield, who was incapable of making the leaſt

leaſt reſiſtance, while his lovely and diſtracted wife, ſnatching up her infant in her arms, ſet forward with him to the county gaol. They lay there for ſome months; and though during that time Elvina's friends and family made all the intereſt in their power to ſave her huſband's life, he was condemned to die at the following Aſſizes.

Elvina had never quitted her huſband during his confinement, but lay or ſat by him, night and day, on the ground in his wretched cell. On the day preceding that which was fixed for his execution, ſhe brought the young Elvina to her father, and bade him bleſs and take his leave of her. She then took the infant by the hand, and led her out of the priſon to a friend's houſe, to whoſe care ſhe bequeathed her darling child, and after many fond adieus returned to her huſband's dungeon, with an air of more than common dignity and compoſure; then ſeating herſelf by him, and taking his hand in hers, ſhe thus addreſſed him:

"My Pansfield, you muſt die; the laws have doomed you; and though no malice

malice armed your hand againſt the unhappy man whoſe death you are anſwerable for, the laws of God require atonement: life for life is due; and may your mild ſubmiſſion to the ſtroke of juſtice, expiate the crime for which you are to ſuffer, and all your other offences! Conſidered in this light, Death is a little fine we pay for an exceeding great reward, an happy immortality! —But wherefore ſhould the mode of paying that ſmall penalty be rendered ſtill more irkſome to us, by being made the public gaze, the mark of vulgar ſcorn, and leaving infamy entailedupon the innocent object of our love?—Being compelled to die by the vile hands of common executioners, can it appear a voluntary act of expiation, or be received as an atonement for our crimes? I do not think it can. Let us ourſelves inflict the puniſhment we have deſerved, and by ſo doing, prove our own ſenſe of juſtice. The means are in my hands, I will give them into yours. But firſt, this laſt embrace. Now let me try the weapon," Then drawing forth from its ſheath a long ſharp knife, which the Iriſh call a ſkeen, ſhe plunged it in her ſnowy boſom, and ſunk expiring by her huſband's

huſband's ſide; who inſtant drew the fatal ſteel, and ſtruck it to his heart.

Now tell me, gentle Readers, does not this fair Hibernian dame, in nobleneſs of ſoul, by far ſurpaſs your Arria's and your Portia's? They died for huſbands who had lived for them, and who alſo would have died to ſave them. But my Elvina ſhewed greater fortitude even in her life, than they did in their deaths; ſhe unrepining bore the harſheſt treatment from the man ſhe loved, and afterwards preferred want, miſery and death, to wealth, to pleaſure and to life, without him.

STORY

STORY

OF

LADY FANNY BEAUMONT

AND

LORD LAYTON.

BY THE SAME.

A FATAL animoſity, which had ſubſiſted for more than a century between the families of Beaumont and Layton could not prevent the union of two hearts, though derived from anceſtors who ſeemed to poſſeſs an hereditary hatred to each other. The gay and pleaſing Lord Layton was captivated with the fair and blooming Lady Fanny Beaumont, and her gentle mind felt no averſion to his Lordſhip, although he was deemed an enemy to her houſe. At the time when their acquaintance commenced, her father was gone to Nice

Nice, for the recovery of his health; ſhe had no mother living, but was left in the care of her eldeſt brother, Lord Belville, who felt a perſonal diſguſt, joined to a family reſentment, againſt Lord Layton. The lovers could have no hopes of combating his averſion, nor could they ſacrifice their affections to his diſlike: there remained then no alternative for Lady Fanny, but to throw herſelf into the arms of Lord Layton, and truſt to her father's parental affection, for the pardoning an action to which he never would have conſented. In ſhort, the lovers took a trip to Scotland, and returned irrevocably united.

Lord Belville preſented his ſiſter's diſobedience in ſo ſtrong a light to the Earl of Beaumont, that he ſunk beneath the ſhock, lived but to curſe his daughter, and expired.

Lady Layton, who, notwithſtanding the raſh ſtep ſhe had taken, was a dutiful and affectionate child, was ſincerely afflicted for having offended her father, and lamented his death with ſuch unfeigned ſorrow, that her huſband was obliged to exert his utmoſt tenderneſs to

ſooth

ſooth her grief, and prevent its becoming fatal to her life. Time's lenient hand, and Lord Layton's unceaſing fondneſs, at length triumphed over her affliction, and ſhe became as happy as a mind endued with ſenſibility can be, when conſcious of having committed an irreparable fault,

In leſs than two years after her marriage ſhe became the mother of a lovely girl. This darling object, at the ſame time that it afforded her the higheſt delight, brought with it the remembrance of her unforgiven offence. She would often preſs the little Fanny to her heart, bathe her with tears, and then exclaim, "O may'ſt thou never be ſo unhappy as to incur a father's curſe!"

Four years rolled on, and ſaw Lord and Lady Layton the happieſt pair in the gay circle of the *beau-monde*. What a ſurpriſing length of time for ſuch a faſhionable couple to enjoy the delights of conjugal affection! But fear not, my gay Readers: Happineſs neither is, was, or ever will be permanent, whilſt men have paſſions that controul their reaſon.

It

It happened about this time that Lord Layton, being in company with ſome of his brother Peers, was prevailed on to go with them to a Maſquerade at Carliſle-Houſe. He ſauntered about for ſome time with that indifference which perſons who have been uſed to thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation, after their novelty is worn off, are generally ſenſible of; and was on the point of returning home, when the preſſing of the croud occaſioned a Lady to miſs her ſtep from a part of the floor that was raiſed, and fall directly into his Lordſhip's arms. With the utmoſt activity and addreſs he conveyed her out of the croud, and ſeated her on the firſt vacant ſopha that was near. When he had depoſited his precious charge in ſafety, he was ſtruck with admiration at the grace and elegance of her figure, and ſurpriſed at his own want of attention in not having taken notice of it before. The Lady returned him thanks for the aſſiſtance he had rendered her in the politeſt terms, but with a foreign accent. His Lordſhip replied to her in French; and ſome ladies, who were of her party, coming up, he begged he might be permitted the honour of joining

ing them for the remainder of the night. The ſervice he had done the fair Louiſa, intitled him to the compliance of the company with his requeſt; and for the firſt moment of abſence, for four long years, he felt not a wiſh to return to his, till then, beloved Fanny! When the party ſat down to ſupper, he had been indulged with a ſight of Louiſa's face, which in a moment obliterated all the beauties he had ever ſeen; he gazed on her in ſilent rapture, and looked his peace and happineſs away. Poor, thoughtleſs man! He knew not then the miſery which he was likely to entail on a deſerving and beloved wife, upon himſelf, and on the charming object who was the innocent ſource of all their misfortunes!

At parting, Lord Layton obtained permiſſion to wait upon Louiſa the next day, and returned home with ſuch ſenſations as he never had before experienced; for though his mind was exalted with delight and rapture, there was a ſomething like remorſe that mingled with them, and prevented their being perfect. He bluſhed when he met his Fanny at breakfaſt, turned away his face

face when ſhe tenderly enquired after his health, and was too much in a hurry to give her any account of the Maſquerade, as he was obliged to dreſs and go out inſtantly.

He flew to his appointment with Louiſa, who received him with all the chearfulneſs of unſuſpecting innocence; but told him that as her aunt, with whom ſhe lived, was in ſo bad a ſtate of health as not to be able to ſee company, ſhe muſt decline the honour of his future viſits. This circumſtance rendered the moments precious; he took the fair occaſion, and declared he could not live without beholding her. The rhetoric of lovers is generally prevailing; and our young Frenchwoman was ſo far drawn in by that of Lord Layton, as to tell him that the back-door of her aunt's houſe opened into the Park, and that ſhe frequently walked there at an early hour in the morning.

It is not to be doubted but that Lord Layton took advantage of this information, and for many months their clandeſtine interviews continued uninterrupted.

We

We are told in Scripture, that "No man can ſerve two maſters at the ſame time;" and I will be bold to ſay, it is as little poſſible for a man to love two women at once. Lord Layton's conduct did not contradict my opinion.—His neglect and indifference towards the amiable and virtuous Fanny, kept pace with his increaſing fondneſs for the lovely and innocent Louiſa. He conſidered the former as an obſtacle to his happineſs with the latter; but as his mind was not yet totally abandoned to vice, he knew not how to remove this bar without plunging too deep in guilt.

The reader has, I ſuppoſe, long ſince diſcovered, that Louiſa's heart was almoſt as ſuſceptible of Lord Layton's agreeable qualities, as his Lordſhip was of her charms; her being a ſtranger in this kingdom, joined to the ſecrecy with which ſhe had carried on her acquaintance with him, prevented her from knowing any thing relative to his ſituation, but what he thought proper to reveal; and no one will ſuppoſe that he had ever mentioned his wife. But being now pretty well aſſured of Louiſa's affections, he flattered himſelf that he

might prevail on her to become a voluntary victim, and ſacrifice her virtue to his vice. At their next interview, after the moſt extravagant profeſſions of love, his Lordſhip lamented, in the moſt pathetic terms, the misfortune of not having a hand as well as a heart to beſtow upon the fair Louiſa. The ſurprize which ſhe felt at this diſcovery, rendered her ſpeechleſs for ſome moments. When the power of utterance returned, ſhe exclaimed, "Baſeſt of men! Have you then, in ſpite of the integrity of my heart, and the innocence of my conduct, drawn me in to be an accomplice in the worſt of crimes, that of defrauding another of their happineſs? Fly from my injured ſight this moment, and never let me ſee you more!" At theſe words the virtuous Louiſa ruſhed from his hold, conveyed herſelf inſtantly into the garden, and made faſt the door againſt her inſidious Lover, who was, perhaps, as much aſtoniſhed as ſhe had been. From that moment his Lordſhip in vain eſſayed every art to gain the ſight of his offended fair; even his letters were returned unopened, and all kind of correſpondence was cut off between them. Oppoſition

poſition ſeemed to encreaſe his paſſion; and he determined to obtain the object of it, even at the hazard of every thing that ſhould have been dear to him.

The hapleſs Lady Layton, who had ſpent many months in ſolitude and ſorrow, though under the ſame roof with her Lord, was now to be removed entirely from his ſight; ſhe never had reproached his want of tenderneſs, but he could not ſilence the upbraiding of his own heart. He had a ſeat in Weſtmoreland, which had not been inhabited by any of his family for above a century. —In this diſmal Caſtle he commanded his obedient wife immediately to be immured: ſhe did not preſume to murmur againſt this harſh decree, but only entreated that her little Fanny might be the companion of her ſolitary hours. This was denied her, on account of the unwholeſomeneſs of the ſituation ſhe was to be confined to. Her maternal tenderneſs triumphed over her ſelf-love, and ſhe reſigned her child to the care of a Governeſs, without betraying her reſentment of her huſband's inhumanity by any other ſigns than ſighs and tears.

During Lady Layton's melancholy confinement ſhe wrote frequently to her Lord, entreating him to let her know in what ſhe had offended him, pouring forth her prayers for his and her daughter's welfare. He never deigned to anſwer her epiſtles—his whole time and thoughts were taken up in the purſuit of Louiſa, who ſtill continued firm to her reſolution, and would neither hear from, or ſee him. For near two years there ſeemed to be no alteration in the ſituation of this unhappy family. At length, one night, as Lady Layton lay upon her ſleepleſs couch, about midnight ſhe heard her chamber-door open, and ſaw her Lord ſtanding by her bedſide:—ſhe ſtarted with ſurpriſe, and on her firſt emotion would have ruſhed into his arms; but he repelled her with a look that froze her to a ſtatue. "Madam, (ſaid he) you have much boaſted of your obedience and your love, I require a proof of them now—Your life is the great bar to all my happineſs." "Then rid yourſelf and me of miſery at once! (Exclaimed the unhappy Fanny) behold my naked boſom! it ſhall meet the blow, and bleſs the hand that gave it." "No, Madam (he replied), I will

will not be a murderer; but hear me, and obey. Feign yourſelf ſick to-morrow; the ſervants in this houſe are all at my command; they will aſk no queſtions; let all but the ſervant who attends you, and in whom I can confide, believe you dead. In about ten days a hearſe will arrive, in which you muſt conſent to be placed, and conveyed a few miles from hence. A chaiſe will then meet you, with my ſervant in it, who will attend you to the Continent, and place you in a Convent by another name.—You will there have ſociety, and ſpend your days more chearfully than here: you muſt there continue to conceal yourſelf, and by ſo doing, you will have the ſatisfaction of knowing that you have obliged, and rendered me happy, which it is not in your power to do by any other means. I wait for your reply." With ſtreaming eyes Lady Layton anſwered, "In marrying you, my Lord, I broke the firſt of ties, filial obedience; and all my ſufferings are but due puniſhments for ſuch a crime. Though I have failed in my firſt duty, I will fulfil the ſecond—You ſhall be happy, if I can make you ſo!"

"It is enough," he cried; and inſtantly withdrew.

The almoſt diſtracted Lady Layton had no occaſion to affect ſickneſs; the diſorder in her mind was ſufficient to inflict it. Hope, the wretch's laſt reſource, had now quitted her ſad boſom; Deſpair uſurped its room; and ſhe determined to exceed her cruel huſband's commands, by making that a reality which he had only deſired her to feign. The means alone were wanting; but as Shakeſpeare ſays, "O Miſchief! thou art ſwift to enter into the thoughts of deſperate men." She recollected a cloſet in which there hung ſome ruſty armour—ſhe ſought, and found a dagger. Wild with her griefs, ſhe would have plunged it inſtantly into her ſad heart; but on drawing it from the ſheath, ſhe found the point ſo encruſted with ruſt, that her force was not ſufficient to make it penetrate her boſom. The delay which was neceſſary to make it anſwer her purpoſe, afforded her ſome time for reflection: ſhe had been bred religiouſly; and the tremendous idea of ruſhing into the preſence of an offended Diety in the actual commiſſion of a breach

breach of his laws, deterred her, for ſome time, from attempting her life. But the diſtraction of her thoughts again returned; ſhe could no longer doubt that her huſband wiſhed her death, in order to beſtow the name of wife on ſome beloved object. Then what had ſhe to do with life, when no longer permitted to act in the tender and reſpectable ſituations of wife or mother? She conſidered herſelf as a blank in the creation; and hoped it might not be deemed criminal in the Almighty's ſight, to rid herſelf of an exiſtence which was only marked by wretchedneſs.

In this deſponding, miſerable ſtate ſhe continued for ten days, when hearing the ſound of a carriage, which ſhe had long been diſuſed to, and ſuppoſing it to be the gloomy vehicle uſed only to convey the dead to their laſt peaceful manſions, ſhe exclaimed, "I will not be entombed alive!" Then ſnatching up the dagger, and plunging it deep into her breaſt, cried out, "This, to puniſh diſobedience to a tender father; and this, to prove obedience to a cruel huſband!"

band!" At that fatal inſtant her chamber-door was thrown open, and her lovely little Fanny ſprung forward to ruſh into her arms. The dagger dropped from her trembling hand; and the Governeſs advancing, quickly informed her now expiring Lady, that her brother, the Earl of Beaumont, had met Lord Layton on his return from Weſtmoreland; that they had fought, and her huſband had been mortally wounded; but that before he died, he had ſent off an expreſs to her, ordering her immediately to bring the little Fanny to plead his pardon with her much-injured mother, and to releaſe her inſtantly from her confinement.

The unhappy Lady Layton caught up her lovely Fanny to her bleeding boſom, deplored the untimely fate of her unhappy Lord, ſunk on her knees to implore forgiveneſs from offended Heaven for her fatal raſhneſs and expired.

From this ſad Story let the young and thoughtleſs learn, that the ſmalleſt

eſt deviation from the paths of virtue is liable to plunge the ſoul and body into the extremes of vice and miſery; for none can ſay to themſelves, "Thus far, and no farther will I go."

THE

STORY

OF

MISS WILLIAMS.

BY THE SAME.

YOU are to know, Mr. Editor, that I am what the world calls an Old Batchelor, having reached my fifty-fifth year in a ſtate of celibacy; and being bleſſed with an excellent conſtitution and a plentiful fortune, I cannot ſay, tho' I have the higheſt reſpect for the Fair Sex, that I have ever much regretted the want of that ineſtimable treaſure, a lawful helpmate. But certain it is, that a deſire for poſterity is by nature implanted in the heart of Man; and the nearer we verge towards diſſoluti-on, the more earneſtly do our wiſhes tend to the leaving ſome part of our very ſelves behind.

From

From this impulſe, I have for the laſt five years of my life frequently thought of entering into the holy ſtate of matrimony; and have, in the courſe of that time, ſeen many beautiful young woman, whoſe parents have fully given me to underſtand, that *they* were willing I ſhould wed their daughters. But, alas! Mr. Editor, I am an epicure in love, and would not give a guinea for the perſon of the fineſt woman in England, whoſe internal merit was not as much the object of my eſteem, as her exterior charms of my adoration.

And on what principle can a man of ſenſe, at my time of life, found his eſteem for the blooming Beauty who devotes herſelf a willing victim at the altar of Plutus, when ſhe ſhould only ſacrifice to Hymen? or what right has the ſenſual Dotard to expect a ſincere attachment from a woman, who, in order to deceive him, affects to reconcle impoſſibilities, and make Summer and Winter agree?

After what I have ſaid of myſelf, you cannot ſuppoſe me baſe enough to receive an unwilling bride from the hand

hand of compulſive Authority. —No! Childleſs I am, and childleſs will remain, rather than wound the breaſt of injured Beauty by forced embraces, or debaſe the pure untainted mind by ſubjecting the perſon to legal proſtitution.

How often, when left alone with an amiable girl, whoſe obedience to an avaricious father had compelled her to endure ſuch a tête-à-tête, have I ſurpriſed the ſad fair-one, by exclaiming with Don Carlos in The Revenge,

———" Diſobey
" Rather than come thus coldly,
" With adverſe looks, and alienated
" mien,
" Suffering addreſs—the victim of
" my love."

With ſuch a peculiar turn of mind as I have deſcribed myſelf to be poſſeſſed of, you will readily conclude, that it is not very likely I ſhould alter my condition; and to ſay truth, I have now given up all thoughts of doing ſo; in conſequence of which equally moral and prudent reſolution, I ſhall endeavour to beget children for the future like Jupiter,

Jupiter, and transfer my parental fondneſs to the offspring of my *brain*; no longer hoping to be author of any other iſſue, lawfully begotten.

From this day, then, I reſolve to commence Writer, and do hereby conſtitute and appoint you, Mr. Editor, the ſole guardian of my future progeny. My firſt attempt ſhall be in the narrative ſtile, as that ſpecies of writing and ſpeaking is peculiarly adapted to elderly Gentlemen. But my Tale, though really authentic, ſhall not be long.

It follows thus:—In the month of July, in the year 1773, ſome buſineſs calling me to London, I took a lodging in the houſe of a reputable tradeſman, whom I ſhall call Maſon, near Charing-Croſs. In this houſe I occupied the middle apartment, and frequently heard the not unpleaſing ſound of a light female footſtep on the floor above me, and on the ſtaircaſe. Good-manners forbad my opening my chamber-door, to indulge my curioſity with a ſight of my fellow-lodger; but chance ſoon granted my wiſh, by my accidentally coming in at the ſtreet-door as ſhe was ſtepping

ſtepping out. There was ſomething uncommonly intereſting in the appearance of this young perſon, excluſive of either youth or beauty, though ſhe poſſeſſed them both, not being above eighteen years old, and very handſome. It proceeded from a look of diffidence, and an unfaſhioned air, which denoted her to be unpractiſed in the arts or habits of the world.

She paſſed along, and I entered my landlady's parlour, impelled by an earneſt deſire to know ſomething more of the fair viſion which had glided by me. Mrs. Maſon readily informed me of all ſhe knew relative to this young woman, whoſe name ſhe ſaid was Williams; that ſhe had been recommended to her by a perſon whom ſhe had formerly known, and who had kept a little ſchool at Horſham in Suſſex; that ſhe had lodged and boarded with her about four months, paying regularly for her entertainment at the end of every week; that ſhe never went out but to Church, which ſhe daily frequented, or to take a walk round the Park; that never any creature had come to viſit her, nor had even a letter been directed to her, ſince ſhe had been under

under her roof; that ſhe was of a grave, but not a melancholy caſt, worked well at her needle, ſeemed fond of reading, and ſometimes ſung very ſweetly in her own chamber, when ſhe thought no one could hear her; that ſhe often declined accompanying her to any of the public Gardens, nor could ever be prevailed upon to ſit five minutes at a time in the ſhop; that ſhe ſometimes mentioned her having a friend in the country, whom ſhe much wiſhed to ſee, but did not expect that pleaſure ſoon.

From this account I found it impoſſible to form any reaſonable conjecture with regard to the real ſituation of this young woman. Her forlorn and friendleſs ſtate might induce a belief of her being one of thoſe unhappy females who have been ſeduced from the foſtering arms of parental affection, and kept ſecluded from the world to gratify the ſuſpicious temper of her betrayer, who, conſcious of his deſigning to abandon her, might naturally ſuſpect her fidelity to him. But in ſuch a caſe the abſence of her lover would be a ſource of ſorrow; and Miſs Williams was not ſad: her confinement, too, was voluntary,

and

and her conſtant attendance on the ſervice of the Church ſpoke a mind devoid of guilt, or its attendant, ſhame. If ſhe were privately married, her huſband would either write, or come to her, and ſhe would neceſſarily bewail his abſence; and if ſhe was what ſhe appeared to be, a virtuous ſingle woman, it was almoſt impoſſible ſhe ſhould be ſo totally unconnected with the whole world, as not to have one friend or correſpondent in it.

In ſhort, after long puzzling myſelf in vain about this fair myſtery, I gave up all hopes of being able to unravel her deſtiny, and endeavoured to baniſh her and her riddle-me ree ſituation intirely out of my mind; when one evening after duſk, a loud rapping at the door, and the entrance of a perſon in a ſedan-chair, who enquired for Miſs Williams, revived mine and my landlady's curioſity, who flew out of her parlour and lighted up a Gentleman nearly of my own age to her young inmate's apartment, and putting out her candle, and gently ſtepping into a cloſet adjoining to Miſs Williams's room, ſat herſelf

ſelf down to liſten to the converſation that was to paſs at this interview.

In about three quarters of an hour, I was ſurpriſed and ſhocked at hearing a ſudden noiſe, like that of an heavy weight tumbling on the floor, which was inſtantly followed by a loud and piercing ſhriek, which was almoſt as ſuddenly echoed by Mrs. Maſon from her concealment, which ſhe now quitted, and called out for help for *the dead Gentleman*. On this alarm I flew up ſtairs, and found the diſconſolate Miſs Williams kneeling on the ground, with a ghaſtly aſpect, and vainly endeavouring to raiſe a lifeleſs body, whoſe weight was much too ponderous for her ſtrength: I aided her with all of mine; and our landlord coming to our aſſiſtance, we with ſome difficulty laid the corpſe, for ſuch it now was, upon her bed.

My ſervant was inſtantly diſpatched for a ſurgeon, who arrived in a few minutes. During this interval, the unhappy girl ſhewed every ſymptom of the deepeſt ſorrow; ſhe fixed her eyes upon the lifeleſs form that lay before her,

her, and exclaimed, " Oh! he is gone, my father, friend, and benefactor!" At the ſame time, drops, chafing, ſprinkling of water, and every other means, were uſed to call back the parting ſpirit which had ſo lately left its long-accuſtomed manſion. But when the ſurgeon had vainly tried to make the ſtagnated blood flow from the opened vein, and ſteadily pronounced that life was fled, diſtraction ſeized on the now wretched maid; ſhe tore her hair, beat her breaſt, and hardly was withheld from doing violence upon herſelf. At length quite overcome by the too ſtrong exertion of her paſſions, ſhe fainted quite away, from whence ſhe was recovered to a ſtate of languid ſtupefaction, and ſeemed inſenſible to all around her. In this melancholy ſituation ſhe was conveyed into my apartment, where I left her with Mrs. Maſon, and returned up ſtairs to enter into conſultation with the man of the houſe and the ſurgeon, to determine in what manner to proceed, on this extraordinary event.

My landlord had already ſearched the pockets of the deceaſed, but found neither letter or addreſs of any kind, that

that could indicate who he was. In his pocket-book there were Bank of England bills to the amount of two hundred pounds, one half of which were folded in a piece of paper, on which was indorſed, in a very particular hand-writing, " Mary Williams."

We all remained totally at a loſs in what manner to proceed, when my landlord, who was extremely anxious for the credit of his houſe, and of courſe unwilling that a Coroner's Inqueſt ſhould be held there, obſerved, that his wife muſt know more of the matter than we, as ſhe had been liſtening to all the diſcourſe that paſſed between the corpſe and Miſs Williams, previous to his death. Mrs. Maſon was accordingly ſummoned from her attendance on the afflicted fair-one, and queſtioned with regard to what ſhe had diſcovered in her auditory, as to the name, profeſſion, or connections of the deceaſed; but all our enquiries were fruitleſs: ſhe ſaid Miſs Williams only called him Sir, and addreſſed him with the reſpectful manners of an affectionate daughter; while he ſeemed to treat her with the familiar tenderneſs of a fond and long abſent father,

father, and even rallied her on her having been ſo long in London, without having ventured under the matronage of the good woman of the houſe to partake of any of its pleaſures.

As my landlady's information did not ſuggeſt the leaſt rule for our conduct in the preſent difficult criſis, her huſband inſiſted on her endeavouring to perſuade Miſs Williams to acquaint her with the name and abode of the deceaſed, that he might be conveyed home that night, and ſave them any further trouble; alledging, that in caſe that was not done, he muſt be obliged to ſend for the ſearchers in the morning, and keep his ſhop ſhut perhaps all day, as no one would chuſe to come into a houſe where there was a corpſe, whoſe death they could not account for.

This ingenious harangue of Mr. Maſon's was intirely needleſs; for the curioſity of his ſpouſe was a ſufficient incitement to make her uſe every means in her power to diſcover the hiſtory both of the living and the dead. But after all her moſt earneſt and reiterated enquiries, ſhe received no reply from the

the almoſt petrified Miſs Williams but, "Alas! I know not."

I confeſs I was now ſtartled at her perſevering in ſuch an anſwer, and began to fear her reaſon was diſordered by the ſhock her ſenſibility muſt have received from the ſudden death of one whom I conſidered, from all apparent circumſtances, as her parent or guardian. I therefore adviſed her being immediately let blood, and ſuffered to give full vent to her ſorrows, without being interrupted or importuned for the preſent, by any farther queſtions. With much difficulty I obtained a promiſe of a profound ſilence from Mrs. Maſon, and leaving the fair mourner in poſſeſſion of my apartment, I went to look for a bed at the Hummums.

On my return home in the morning, I found all that Mr. Maſon's fears had predicted fully verified; the *Searchers* had entered his houſe, and a very riotous mob were gathered round it, who threatened to pull it down, if they were not ſuffered to ſee the corpſe of the man whom they ſaid he had murdered. When I had made my way through the croud,

croud, I found both Mr. and Mrs. Maſon in the utmoſt diſtreſs, not knowing how to act, as Miſs Williams, though to all appearance in her perfect ſenſes, perſiſted ſtill in denying her having any knowledge of the name, family, profeſſion, or abode, of her deceaſed friend and benefactor.

I could ſcarcely give credit to the report of ſuch peculiar obſtinacy, in a caſe where it muſt involve others in real difficulties, without apparently benefiting herſelf, and took upon me to perſuade her to be ſo far communicative with regard to her departed friend, as might relieve the good people of the houſe from the irkſomeneſs of their preſent ſituation. I framed my addreſs towards the weeping maid with all the ſoftneſs and gentleneſs I could poſſibly aſſume; ſhe heard me patiently, and even ſeemed to ſuppreſs her ſighs, and ſtop her flowing tears, to liſten to my ſpeech.

But when I had ceaſed ſpeaking, ſhe roſe, and with a look of the moſt perfect innocence, and all the firmneſs which attends on truth, fell on her knees before

before me, and called on Heaven to witneſs, that ſhe knew not the name of her deceaſed friend, nor by what ties he was connected with her; but only knew, that he had been her benefactor from her earlieſt years, and that ſhe had no other friend but him.

Conviction ever muſt attend on truth, where the mind is not warped by prejudice; my doubts, therefore, of Miſs Williams's veracity inſtantly vaniſhed; but my ſurprize at the peculiarity of her ſituation augmented every moment that I reflected on it; which curioſity promted me to aſk her by what extraordinary chance ſhe had become connected with her late benefactor? Without the leaſt heſitation in her ſpeech or manner, ſhe replied to my queſtion in the following words:

"The longeſt and deepeſt trace that remains upon my memory, with regard to my exiſtence, is, that I was placed, when a mere child, in a very wretched houſe, in the town of Guildford, under the care of a pariſh-nurſe, who treated me moſt inhumanly. I had one day given ſome part of the miſerable pittance allotted

loted for my breakfaſt to a little kitten that cried for hunger, which ſo enraged this brutal woman, that ſhe fell upon and beat me moſt unmercifully.

" It happened, that, at that moment, my ever dear benefactor paſſing by, and hearing my ſhrieks, ſtept in and reſcued me from the hands of my tyrant. He had juſtice enough to enquire into the cauſe of her ſeverity, and on being informed of it, became more intereſted in my favour. He ſet me on one of his knees, and placed the kitten on the other; and when I ſtroked it, and ſobbed out, ' Ah, poor puſſy!' he caught me in his arms, and ſeemed delighted with the tenderneſs of my expreſſion to the innocent cauſe of my ſufferings. He gave the nurſe a proper reproof, and bade her to take care of the child and the cat, and he would call to ſee them again in a few days.

When he left me, I thought my little heart flew after him, and his idea was never abſent from my mind. I could not then be above four years old, and yet I think if I had never ſeen him more, I never ſhould have forgotten him.

His was the firſt voice that had ever ſoothed my infant ear with the ſoft ſounds of fondneſs. In about ten days he returned, according to his promiſe, and brought an order to the nurſe to deliver me up to him, which ſhe moſt unwillingly obeyed; but poſitively refuſed to let me take the half-ſtarved kitten with me, unleſs he would pay her a guinea for it: he complied with her exorbitant demand, and ſo rendered two little animals happy.

"From this ſcene of miſery I was conveyed to a very decent houſe at Horſham, and treated with the utmoſt humanity and kindneſs by the perſon to whoſe care I was entruſted. I remained there three years, during which time I ſaw my benefactor but thrice. At the expiration of that time, I was removed to a ſchool in the ſame town, which was kept by two ſiſters, of the name of Tyrrel, and there continued till the elder of them died, and the ſchool was broke up. The youngeſt ſiſter then brought me to this houſe, and recommended me to the care of Mrs. Maſon.

"During the ten years I lived with theſe

theſe good women, I received an annual viſit from my friend. I found he always paid a year before hand for me, and left ten guineas in the hands of one of my miſtreſſes, excluſive of my common expences for cloaths and other neceſſaries in caſe I ſhould be ſick, or he ſhould fail to come exactly at his uſual time, which was generally the latter end of July, or beginning of Auguſt.

" For the laſt three years I ſpent at Horſham, I was continually reſolving that the next time I ſaw my friend, I would enquire his name, and how I became intitled to his goodneſs? But the moment I beheld him, my reſolution vaniſhed. No words can ever deſcribe the reſpectful tenderneſs I felt for him; and I ſhould readily have perſuaded myſelf that it was filial love, if I had not for ever recollected the particular circumſtance which had firſt introduced me to his notice. Fatal timidity, which has left me as totally ignorant of every thing that relates to myſelf, as I am of my Patron's name or family!

" The good Mrs. Tyrrel, when ſhe left me in this houſe, gave me about

forty pounds, which ſhe ſaid belonged to me, as it was the ſurplus of the money that had been left in her hands for my uſe, and not expended. She bid me keep up my ſpirits, and ſaid when my father, for ſo ſhe always called him, came to Horſham, ſhe would let him know where ſhe had placed me. The good woman lived but to fulfil her promiſe; for my departed friend informed me, laſt night, that ſhe died about a week after he ſaw her laſt.

"I have now, Sir, with the utmoſt ingenioufneſs, related every circumſtance with which I am acquainted, relative to my more than father, and my unhappy ſelf. I implore your advice in the preſent criſis. With regard to his dear remains, let them be treated with that reſpect I owed him living; and the laſt farthing I am miſtreſs of, ſhall be expended for the pious purpoſe. I am, thank Heaven and my departed friend, who had taken care to provide me with a proper female education, well qualified to get my bread, by work or ſervice, nor do I feel an anxious thought about my future welfare."

I con-

I confeſs, I was charmed with the ſpirit of candour and generoſity that appeared in Miſs Williams's account of herſelf. A mean mind would never have revealed the lowneſs of its ſituation; and the frankneſs with which ſhe acknowledged hers, raiſed her to the higheſt pitch in my eſteem. While ſhe had been ſpeaking, it occurred to me, from the circumſtance of the particular ſeaſon of the year when her friend made his annual viſit into the country, that he might poſſibly be a lawyer; as the months of July and Auguſt are the uſual time of the Aſſizes; and that it was likely he might be, like myſelf, an Old Batchelor, and might probably have chambers in ſome of our Inns of Court.

Upon this ſurmiſe, I ſet out directly for the Temple, luckily met with the Porter, deſcribed the dreſs and figure of the perſon who lay dead at Mr. Maſon's, and enquired if he knew ſuch a one? The man inſtantly replied, "It muſt be my good maſter, Counſellor G——l, whoſe ſervants are all alarmed at his ſtaying out laſt night, as he has not done ſuch a thing theſe ten years; and

his elder brother, Squire G——l, of Suſſex, came to town this morning, and is now waiting to ſee the Counſellor at his chambers."

I begged of the Porter to conduct me thither, and met the Gentleman he mentioned, whoſe appearance confirmed his relation to the deceaſed. With the beſt preparation which the time would admit of, I informed him of the circumſtances of his brother's death, and took occaſion to mention his attachment to Miſs Williams, in the true, and of courſe moſt favourable light. We ſet out together in Mr. G——l's coach; and the moment he beheld the corpſe, Nature proclaimed the conſanguinity of brotherhood; for he wept bitterly.

The body was immediately put into his coach, and conveyed to his late home. Mr. G———l ſaw Miſs Williams, ſpoke kindly to her, and bid her be of comfort; ſaid, he doubted not the veracity of the ſtory I had told him, was ſure his brother had made a proper proviſion for her in his will, and deſired to ſee her and me together in a few days. In leſs than a week he ſent

to

to deſire ſhe would come to his lodgings, in Soho-ſquare, and bring a friend with her; upon which ſummons ſhe intreated Mrs. Maſon and me to accompany her.

Mr. G——l received us very politely, but with an air of real concern told our young friend, that after the moſt diligent ſearch through his brother's papers, he had not been able to find a will, nor any memorandum wherein her name was mentioned, except one of a very ſlight nature, in a pocket-book, which was fourteen years old; he therefore entreated her to recollect, if poſſible, what kind of connection there had been between his late brother and her and aſſured her, that if ſhe could claim any relationſhip, or even promiſe of proviſion from him, he would do more than juſtice to her plea.

The honeſt generous girl frankly declared ſhe had not the leaſt claim to his intended bounty, and without the leaſt heſitation or variation related the ſame ſtory with which the reader is already acquainted. I ſaw Mr. G——l's countenace much moved, during her artleſs

tale, which when ſhe had finiſhed, he produced the pocket-book he had mentioned, in which were only theſe few words: "Auguſt 3d, 1759, I have this day taken a female child under my protection, whom I mean to educate and provide for, as ſhe is friendleſs, and of an amiable diſpoſition. Her name is Mary Williams.

"Now, Madam, ſaid Mr. G——l, I am fully convinced you are the perſon here mentioned, from the particulars of your own ſtory. Your candour in relating it deſerves a reward; and my reſpect for my brother's memory inclines me to fulfil his wiſh. I will, therefore, to-morrow morning, order my lawyer to draw up a deed of gift, which ſhall convey to you the ſum of one hundred pounds per annum during your life; and if a match worthy of your merit ſhould be propoſed to you, I will then add one thouſand pounds to it upon your wedding-day. In the mean time, accept of this ſum (preſenting her with the hundred pounds in bills, which had been found in Counſellor G——l's pocket, with her name endorſed), as a preſent

preſent from your late benefactor, and may you long enjoy my little gift!"

Mr. G——l might have gone on, much longer, without interruption. Gratitude had overpowered every faculty of the gentle Williams's ſoul; and left her but juſt ſtrength ſufficient to throw herſelf at his feet, burſting into a flood of tears. Mrs. Maſon was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment, and ſtared at the good man as at a ſupernatural being. For my own part, "although unuſed to the melting mood," I found it neceſſary to apply my handkerchief to my eyes, and remained ſilent, becauſe I could not ſpeak. And if your fair Readers, at leaſt, are not in the ſame ſituation at peruſing this laſt page, I ſhall think I have leſs reaſon than ever to lament my having lived a Batchelor.

PETER TARDY.

THE STORY OF MISS WARNER.

BY THE SAME.

I THINK it is now ſome time ſince I deputed you * the Guardian of my Literary Offſpring, and conſigned my firſt-born to your care. Your having ſo well acquitted yourſelf of that charge, certainly entitles you to all the future Eſſays or productions of my pen. Not having travelled much in my youth, I have taken a fancy to ſee a little of the world before I leave it. I accordingly travelled, in the beginning of March laſt, to Ireland; and though I do not

* *Both This and the preceding* STORY *were addreſſed as Letters to the* EDITOR *of the* WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

at

at preſent mean to give you an hiſtory of my travels, or to deſcribe a country too little known to the inhabitants of this, I muſt ſay in general, that it is a fine and beautiful country by nature, and that had it the advantages of commerce and culture, which we ſo eminently poſſeſs, it would be by no means inferior to its elder ſiſter, Britain. The people of Ireland, I mean the Gentry, or better ſort, are lively and hoſpitable, and particularly affable to ſtrangers; the whole nation ſeem to have a turn for humour, and are apt to ſee any thing that is truly ridiculous, in a quick and ſtrong light. The Iriſh Ladies have a peculiar knack of relating ſtories, whether grave or gay, with infinite propriety: from one of them (whoſe name is Taylor), at whoſe houſe I ſpent a fortnight moſt agreeably, I learned the following Tale; which I here devote to the ſervice of my fair countrywomen, as it is an additional inſtance to a million of others, of the perfidy and barbarity of men to thoſe unhappy frail ones, who, forſaking the real guards of innocence and virtue, are compelled to rely on their ſeducer for kindneſs and protection.

Now

Now to my ſtory.—Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are both young people; he being about three-and-thirty, and ſhe about ſeven-and-twenty. They have been married about five years, and have not yet had any children; yet, to my great ſurpriſe, there was a young Lady, of the age of nineteen, who was called Lucy Warner, that lived in the houſe, who conſtantly addreſſed Mrs. Taylor by the title of Mother, and behaved in every reſpect towards her, as the moſt dutiful and affectionate daughter. The impoſſibility of this relationſhip really ſubſiſting between the Ladies was too obvious to admit of a doubt; and I thought it much too early for Mrs. Taylor to have given up the hopes of having children, and content herſelf with ſettling her affections on an adoption.

One morning, then, that Miſs Warner was gone to pay a viſit, I took the liberty of expreſſing my curioſity upon the ſubject of the connection between theſe Ladies, to my fair hoſteſs; who, in the moſt obliging manner, immediately ſatisfied my doubts, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words.

LUCY

" LUCY WARNER (ſaid ſhe) has been my adopted daughter, ever ſince I was ſix years old; the circumſtances that attended her birth, and occaſioned my attachment to her at that early age, are ſo very extraordinary, that I will relate them to you.

" My mother, then a widow, reſided with me at her country-ſeat, in the County of Roſcommon. One day, a beautiful creature, not above ſeventeen years of age, with an infant in her arms, her hair flowing looſe and wild, and, like Ophelia,

" Chaunting ſnatches of old tunes,
" As one incapable of her own diſ-
' treſs,"

came into our court-yard, where I was then at play. Though this phenomenon had all the ſymptoms of madneſs in her appearance, the ſweetneſs of her voice and aſpect prevented my being terrified, or flying from her. I gazed in ſilence at her, while ſhe caſt the moſt piteous looks alternately upon her child and me. At length, perceiving that I did not ſhun her, ſhe walked up ſlowly

to

to me, and ſaid, 'Sweet Innocence, O ſave this little life!' She held her infant to me, and dropped upon the ground. I catched the child, and claſped it in my arms, but gave a ſcream at the ſame inſtant—which alarmed the family, and brought my mother and ſervants to the place where I then ſtood.

"The unhappy mother of my helpleſs charge was now in ſtrong convulſions: ſhe was inſtantly carried into the houſe, and every tender care applied for her recovery; but, alas! they came too late, When the convulſions ceaſed, ſhe fell into fainting-fits, and expired the next evening, without having had one interval of reaſon, ſufficient to reply to any queſtion that was aſked her.

"The tattered remnants of the cloaths ſhe had worn, were of the beſt materials; her gown was ſilk, and her linen fine. On ſearching her pockets there was a prayer-book found, in a blank leaf of which was written a ſolemn contract of marriage, but the names of the parties totally eraſed; nor was there any trace to be found which could

could lead to a diſcovery of her name or connections.

The infant ſhe had left did not appear to be above ten days old, and of courſe ſhe muſt have lain-in ſomewhere in the neighbourhood. The day after ſhe was buried, my mother ſent her ſteward to the town of Roſcommon, with orders to enquire at every Inn and Cottage where there was a poſſibility of her having received ſhelter. He found out a little wretched Inn, where, upon his making inquiry, they told him, that about a fortnight before that time, a gentleman had brought a young Lady there, in an open chaiſe, at night; that he did not ſtay there half an hour, but took the hoſteſs aſide, when he was going away, and gave her a guinea, telling her he ſhould return, and take away the Lady before that ſum was ſpent, ſtrictly charging her not to let her gueſt know what he had ſaid. The hoſteſs added, that the next day the young Lady ſeemed to expect his coming every moment and ſeemed ſo very unhappy at his delay, that ſhe acquainted her with what the gentleman had told her; that upon hearing it, the Lady appeared more compoſed, though conſtantly

ly in tears, and waited with ſeeming patience for five days. That on the ſixth day, ſhe found herſelf very ill, but would walk out; that ſhe went towards the Plains, or Common, and from that time they had never ſeen her. The hoſteſs farther owned, that ſhe believed ſhe was with child and near her time, and that there was a ſmall trunk belonging to the Lady ſtill in the houſe.

" Our ſervant purſued his enquiries amongſt the cottagers, and at length found out the hut where this unhappy creature had been delivered. The wretched owners of it, immerſed in poverty and ignorance, were utterly incapable of affording her either comfort or convenience: all they could do they did; which was to ſhare the ſtraw, milk, and potatoes, with her. She had not been accuſtomed to lye on the damp earth, or feed upon ſuch fare. Theſe hardſhips, therefore, with the deſpair of her mind, produced the effect above deſcribed. On the ninth day after ſhe was brought-to-bed, her ſenſes left her, and ſnatching up her infant in her arms, ſhe wandered wild about the Plains, which are immenſely large, till Providence

Providence directed her untaught ſteps to my mother's not inhoſpitable gate. There was a nurſe immediately provided for my baby, as ſhe was called in the family; ſhe was baptized by my own name, Lucy; and I was permitted to ſtand godmother to my little adoption—to whom my mother added the ſirname of Warner.

" Though my mother was determined never to give up Lucy into the hands of her inhuman father, ſhe reſolved if poſſible to find him out, and expoſe his villainy to the world. For this purpoſe, ſhe wrote to every poſt-maſter through the kingdom of Ireland, deſcribing the age, perſon and figure of the deceaſed young Lady and deſired to know if ſuch a perſon was miſſing in their ſeveral diſtricts? In proceſs of time ſhe received a letter from the poſtmaſter of Lurgan, in the North, acquainting her, that about five or ſix weeks before the date of her letter, a Gentleman who lived in that town, of the name of Stewardſon, had taken a young Lady from thence, who was an orphan, and his own ward, to carry her to Dublin, in order, as he ſaid, to compleat her education;

education; that he returned home without her in about ten days; and that upon ſome of her friends making enquiry where ſhe might be found, and expreſſing an anxiety at not hearing from her, Mr. Stewardſon had diſappeared, and had not ſince been heard of. That the young Lady could not be found in Dublin, though ſhe had been advertiſed in the News-papers, and the ſtricteſt ſearch made after her. That her friends had endeavoured to trace them from their firſt ſetting out from Lurgan and had diſcovered that they travelled quite acroſs the country, but could not by any means find out in what part of the world Mr. Stewardſon had left her, as he had ſent back his ſervant when he was about twenty miles on his road, He added, that the deſcription my mother had given of the young Lady, exactly reſembled her who was miſſing, and that all their friends ſuppoſed there was a ſtrong attachment between him and his ward, and that he meant to marry her as ſoon as ſhe came of age. From that hour to this we have never heard of the worthleſs wretch, Miſs Warner's father; nor has he, I believe, ever returned to his country.

"I have

"I have now, Sir, continued Mrs. Taylor, accounted to you for the peculiar kind of connection between my Lucy and me: I have only to add, that my mother bequeathed her a thouſand pounds, and that with Mr. Taylor's permiſſion, I preſented her with five hundred pounds more before my marriage; that ſhe is perfectly good and amiable, and were ſhe my own daughter, I think I could not love her better than I do."

Here ended my fair Narrator, and here alſo will I conclude, Mr. Editor, as I think the Story admits not of any comment; for if thoſe whom it is meant to ſerve, do not deduce a proper warning from it, "Neither would they be perſuaded, though one roſe from the dead."

PETER TARDY.

THE

THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY.

BY THE SAME.

POETS and Philoſophers have univerſally agreed, that the Country is the native ſoil of happineſs, as being the ſcene and nurſe of innocence. But this truth has been oftener pronounced as a mere *ipſe dixit*, ariſing from choice or opinion, than as a demonſtrable problem proceeding from natural cauſes, which neceſſarily produce their effect.

Happineſs and virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flouriſh, or ſicken and die together. They are the joint offſpring of

of good-ſenſe and innocence; and while they continue under the guidance of ſuch parents, they are invulnerable to injury and incapable of decay.

This allegory can ſcarcely want explanation, even to the ſimpleſt mind; for every one will readily admit, that good-ſenſe will be leſs ſophiſticated in the calmneſs of rural retirement, than amidſt the noiſe and buſtle of a city, where every ſober thought is hurried away by the torrent of faſhion, and ſwallowed up in the whirlpool of Giddineſs and diſſipation. Nor can it admit of a doubt, but that innocence will be more likely to preſerve its purity where it is leaſt liable to temptation. But if this does not ſufficiently demonſtrate the propoſition, the following tale may ſerve more fully to illuſtrate it: for as theory without experiment is intitled to no credit in Philoſophy, ſo is precept without example of as little avail in morals.

Sir William Sidney had been married about three years to one of the moſt lovely and amiable women that this country or any other ever produced. They

They had long been the objects of each other's choice, and, when united, were either the delight or envy of all who knew them.

About this æra an unjuſt attack upon a very conſiderable part of his eſtate obliged him to defend his property by law; and he was of courſe under a neceſſity of going to London to ſolicit his ſuit. It was impoſſible he could think of being ſeparated from his beloved Julia; ſhe could as ill ſupport his abſence; they, therefore, mutually agreed to quit their peaceful retirement together, and take a houſe in Town till their affairs were finally adjuſted. She brought two lovely infants with her, determined that the care of their health and education ſhould be the principal object of her attention, and their innocent blandiſhments the chief ſource of her amuſement during this excurſion.

At their firſt coming to town, Sir William was obliged to paſs much of his time with his lawyers, but always returned with a delighted heart and chearful countenance to the happineſs that awaited him in the ſociety of an elegant

elegant and fond wife and his beautiful children.

In the courſe of his buſineſs, he became acquainted with an agreeable young barriſter, of the name of Wilſon who was reckoned a man of parts, and uncommonly eminent in his profeſſion; he had a pleaſing perſon and engaging addreſs, with an appearance and countenance calculated to inſpire confidence, even upon a ſlight acquaintance.

Under this faſcinating maſque this wretch concealed one of the vileſt hearts that ever yet diſgraced human nature. Upon his firſt introduction to Lady Sidney, he formed a plan for her ſeduction; but when, upon a more intimate acquaintance, he found her virtue guarded by the tendereſt attachment to her huſband, he changed his battery, and reſolved to compleat the ruin of this happy pair, by detaching Sir William's affections from his amiable wife.

He began by expreſſing his aſtoniſhment to Sir William at their mutual fondneſs

fondneſs, upon hearing they had been married near four years; talked of the charms of variety, and of the miſery of confining affection to a particular object. Sir William ſeemed, at firſt, rather diſguſted at this common-place converſation; but as conſtant dropping wears the marble, this kind of diſcourſe aided by wit and raillery, at length produced its effect ſo far as to make Sir William cautious of expreſſing his tenderneſs for his wife or children before Mr. Wilſon.

Lovers have lynxes eyes, and even this little change in her huſband's manners quickly alarmed the anxious heart of Julia. Unuſed to diſguiſe a thought from him, ſhe expreſſed her apprehenſion of having unwittingly offended; but Sir William quickly removed her delicate fears, by the tendereſt aſſurances of his love and conſtancy; but obſerved, that it was unfaſhionable in London to ſhew the ſame degree of fondneſs and attention towards each other which they had been uſed to indulge in *the country*.—"Then would to Heaven (ſaid Julia, ſmiling through her tears) that I had never quitted *it!*" He

kiſſed away the pearly drops that gliſtened in her eyes, and Lady Sidney's happineſs and confidence returned.

Though Wilſon had been originally poſſeſſed of a ſufficient patrimony, which was rendered more affluent from his profeſſion, he was at this criſis become neceſſitous to the laſt degree. His extravagance had long ſince diſſipated the firſt nor could the latter ſupport his debauched manner of living. Upon various pretences of unexpected calls for his clients, he had frequently borrowed pretty large ſums from Sir William, though he was convinced that he would loſe his ſuit, and of courſe be under a neceſſity of requiring immediate repayment.

This, however, did not deter him from proceeding in his baſe deſign; he thought he had already gained ſome ground in his purſuit, and he reſolved to hurry his victim on even to the gulph of miſery. One morning that Wilſon had invited Sir William to breakfaſt with him at his chambers he was ſurpriſed, on his entrance, with ſeeing the moſt beautiful woman he had ever beheld

beheld, with ſome parchments in her hands, ſitting by Wilſon: ſhe was dreſſed in weeds, and did not appear to be above eighteen years old. Sir William would have retired immediately; but Wilſon, with an unembarraſſed air, begged him to walk in, ſaying, he could make free with Mrs. Herbert, as ſhe was both his couſin and his client; and hoped the Baronet was not ſo ſtrait-laced as to fly from a pretty woman, though Lady Sidney was not of the party.

The freedom of this addreſs excited Sir William's gallantry towards the Lady, who received it with the eaſe and politeneſs of a woman who had lived in the world; and the converſation became ſo intereſting, that the clock ſtruck three before any of the party thought of ſeparating,

On Sir William's return home, his thoughts were entirely taken up by the beauty and vivacity of the young Widow. Lady Sidney was near lying-in, and happened on that day to be confined to her chamber; ſo he had nothing to interrupt his reverie, and con-

tinued to indulge it, till he was rouſed from it by Wilſon calling upon him about ſeven in the evening. Their converſation immediately turned upon Mrs. Herbert, whom Wilſon ſaid he had dined with, and that ſhe had never ceaſed talking of the happineſs Lady Sidney muſt poſſeſs, in being bleſſed with ſuch a huſband:—"For (added he) I have been deſcribing you as the paragon of conjugal conſtancy."

Where is the mortal proof againſt flattery! The unhappy Sidney became its victim, even whilſt it was undermining the virtue which it ſeemed to praiſe.

During the time of Lady Sidney's confinement, Wilſon took particular care that Sir William ſhould not waſte his days in ſolitude; he contrived perpetual parties of pleaſure ſo artfully, as almoſt to make them appear the effect of accident, leſt Sir William's remaining tenderneſs ſhould have been alarmed at a continued ſcene of diſſipation, and negligence towards his wife. In all theſe interviews, the lovely, lively widow Herbert was the principal object; and in

in order to apologize to Sir William for her uncharacteriſtic vivacity, ſhe forged a tale of having been compelled to marry an old wretch, who uſed her ill when living, and dying left her poor. This laſt circumſtance excited the generoſity of her lover, as he was now become; he gave with profuſion, and ſhe accepted with avidity, till his circumſtances became ſhortly ſo much diſtreſſed, that he was obliged to make a reform in his family, by reducing the number of his domeſtics and laying down his coach.

The neglected and unhappy Lady Sidney languiſhed away her hours in uſeleſs regret for the abſence of her huſband; he ſeldom ſaw her; he was out early, and came home late; and even in thoſe moments when ſhe would requeſt to ſee him, even at the hazard of her reſt, his ſhort ſtay was marked by impatience, and his enquiries after her health expreſſed in ſuch a manner as if he ſeemed not to deſire an anſwer.

Too quickly ſhe perceived the loſs of her happineſs in that of his love, yet did ſhe never once attempt to make him

wretched by lamenting her ſufferings, or upbraiding his unkindneſs :—" Sir William's heart is good and generous (would ſhe often ſay to herſelf) ; and though, by faſcination, for it muſt be ſuch, eſtranged for the preſent from me and my children, Nature will yet recover its rights, and his affections will return to us, perhaps endeared by their temporary intermiſſion."

Notwithſtanding the ſenſe, virtue, and reſolution of her conduct, grief preyed upon her tender frame, and ſhe fell into a conſumption, which it was ſuppoſed would terminate her life in a few months. Sir William was not ſo totally loſt to the feelings of humanity, as not to be affected at ſeeing her decline ; he wiſhed to behave with kindneſs towards her ; but whenever he beheld her, his conſcience ſmote him, as the cauſe of her ſufferings, and he endeavoured to fly from her and himſelf into the arms of diſſipation and vice. His concern for Julia was abſorbed by Mrs. Herberts gaiety ; and the diſtreſs of his circumſtances received temporary relief by Wilſon's fertility in expedients. The loſs of his law-ſuit, however,

ver, putting an end to the latter, he was beſieged by his creditors, and their clamours rendered his home as uneaſy to him, as it had before become unpleaſing.

The tender, the neglected Lady Sidney ſaw and pitied his diſtreſs, and with a firmneſs which virtue alone can beſtow, propoſed to him what he wanted courage to require from her, the ſelling of her jointure, in order to accommodate his difficulties. She aſſured him ſhe felt infallible ſigns of her approaching diſſolution, and that therefore ſhe ſhould not need the generous proviſion he had made for her; but that if any thing could reſtore her health, it would be the tranſport ſhe ſhould feel at having it in her power to contribute to his happineſs.

Sir William could not ſupport ſuch unmerited goodneſs; he threw himſelf at her feet, declared himſelf unworthy of her tenderneſs, and promiſed that his future life ſhould atone for his paſt errors. She flew into his arms, he preſſed her to his heart, embraced his children, and once more experienced

the ſincere delight of an huſband and a father.

The only difficulty now remaining was to break with the ſtill charming Mrs. Herbert. He was reſolved to part from her, but that ſeparation ſhould be gentle. Little did he know that Mrs. Herbert's thorough knowledge of his diſtreſt circumſtances had rendered him perfectly indifferent to her, and that ſhe heartily wiſhed for an opportunity to get rid of the engagement, without any ſeeming rupture on her part.

Fortune at that inſtant played one of her extraordinary gambols, and introduced a young man juſt arrived from India to the acquaintance of Mrs. Herbert. In the courſe of their converſation he told her that a gentleman had died in the ſhip that brought him over, who was ſuppoſed to be worth about a million of rupees, and that he had left his whole fortune to a niece of his, who was called Lady Sidney. This intelligence inſtantly changed Mrs. Herbert's ſentiments towards Sir William, and attached her more ſtrongly to him than ever; ſhe was therefore really afflicted, when

when he with faultering tongue and downcaſt eyes informed her, that he was come to take an everlaſting leave of her. She burſt into tears, threw herſelf at his feet, commended his virtue, lamented the tenderneſs of her attachment to him, which could end but with her life, and begged, that in order to ſooth her ſcruples, and prove that he had really loved her, he would conſent to ſign a promiſe, that if it ſhould ever be in his power to marry her, he would do ſo, under a penalty of ten thouſand pounds. He was at firſt ſtartled at the propoſal, but he ſtill loved her, and would at that moment have fulfilled the promiſe ſhe exacted, had it been in his power. Her tears and blandiſhments prevailed; and the infatuated Baronet ſigned the article which Wilſon had already prepared.

Her point ſo far gained, this artful woman and her vile accomplice, Wilſon, were impatient for the total accompliſhment of their deſigns, by haſtening Lady Sidney's death. They provided a poiſonous drug for her, which Wilſon undertook to perſuade Sir William was almoſt a panacea in conſump

tions, and begged of him to prevail upon his wife to take it. The unſuſpecting huſband fell eaſily into the ſnare, and the draught was accordingly prepared for the innocent Julia.

But providence would not ſuffer their wicked deſigns to ſucceed :—Mrs. Herbert's maid had overheard the infernal accomplices diſcourſing of the deed, and ſeen them mix the deadly potion ; and being ſtruck with remorſe, flew to Sir William Sidney's houſe, and revealed the dreadful ſecret to Lady Sidney's woman. That faithful creature trembled at the horrid tale, and when her Lady called for the ſuppoſed medicine, refuſed to deliver it into her hands, and acquainted her with what ſhe had juſt heard.

The terrified Julia too eaſily conceived that her huſband muſt neceſſarily be an accomplice in this crime, elſe wherefore ſhould Mrs. Herbert or Wilſon wiſh her death ? " If it be ſo (ſaid ſhe to her maid), Maria, I have no wiſh to live, and will obey my fate. The bane of life is an antidote to all its ills; and, oh ! I charge you, by all you hold moſt ſacred, never to reveal this fatal

ſecret,

ſecret, nor let my cruel huſband ſuffer for his crimes to me, more than his conſcience ſhall inflict upon him. Now bring my children to me; let me embrace and claſp them to my dying boſom, and recommend them with my parting breath to the protecting care of Heaven. Alas! they ſoon will have no earthly friend;—they have no father! or ſure he would not wiſh to rob them of a mother's foſtering care."

The painful parting with her children paſt, ſhe forced the poiſon from her weeping maid, and raiſing up her eyes to Heaven, implored forgiveneſs for her cruel huſband, and bleſſings on her children; then bent her lips to meet the fatal draught, which ſhe was ſure would give her endleſs peace.

At that inſtant Sir William, pale, frantic, and almoſt breathleſs, ruſhed into the chamber; he ſnatched the envenomed drug from her weak hand, and daſhed it to the ground.—" Oh, have I ſaved you!" he exclaimed and ſunk upon the bed beſide her.

When his returning ſenſe would give him leave, he proſtrated himſelf upon the

the earth, and returned thanks to Heaven for having been the inſtrument of his beloved wife's preſervation.

Returning home he had met Mrs. Herbert's maid, who had acquainted him with the horrid particulars already related, and he had flown to ſave his Julia. When reconciled to her, his next emotion was that of juſt reſentment. He ſent for an officer of Juſtice to ſeize Mrs. Herbert and Wilſon, but their guilty ſouls had taken the alarm at her maid's long abſence, and they were both fled. Wilſon was ſome years after broke upon the wheel for a murder at Paris, and his fair, but wicked, aſſociate died in a premature old age of want and miſery.

Sir William, now entirely cured of his delirium, after receiving his Indian legacy and ſettling his affairs, returned with his amiable wife into the country; where peace and affluence ſoon reſtored her health; and where they ſtill continue, in the midſt of their lovely family, living proofs of the maxim firſt laid down, "That the country is the native "ſoil of happineſs; as being the ſcene "and nurſe of innocence."

THE

THE

STORY

OF THE

COMTE DE BERNIS.

BY THE SAME.

AFTER an abſence of near four years, I am juſt now returned to my native land; and though I am not ſeized with the faſhionable folly of Travel-writing, or giving a Deſcription of the Tour I made from Calais to Paris, or from Paris to Toulouſe, within a few leagues of which laſt mentioned place I lived during the ſpace of three years; yet, as I own myſelf ſmitten with the true *Amor Patriæ*, I would wiſh to eradicate every illiberal prejudice from the minds of my untravelled Countrymen, to which, I am ſorry to ſay, they are generally but too prone, even in this enlightened æra; for ſince my return to England, I have been aſked by

by many perſons, who are by no means ſuppoſed to want a competent ſhare of underſtanding, How I could live ſo long amongſt a contemptible people made up of cringe and grimace, and wholly deficient in honour and ſincerity ?

In anſwer to this general and unjuſt charge, I could only deny the *Poſtulatum* by a ſingle negative, for common converſation does not admit of expoſing the abſurdity and unphiloſophicalneſs of ſuch an idea ; yet juſtice to the amiable and worthy people amongſt whom I paſſed ſo much of my time agreeably, demands, its being more fully refuted.

The declining ſtate of health of a truly-loved and moſt deſerving wife, was the cauſe of my leaving England. On our arrival at Paris, I found ſhe was not able to travel farther without great inconvenience to herſelf ; and as the winter was then approaching, I reſolved to ſpend it there.

It is a general complaint amongſt the Engliſh, that the French Nobleſſe are difficult of acceſs. Strange, indeed, it would be, were it otherwiſe. Paris, if not

not the firſt mart of commerce in Europe, is certainly the principal and general rendezvous of all nations in this habitable globe: and in this complex concourſe of ſtrangers, adventurers of every nation, and of every rank, muſt neceſſarily abound.

If then, the proper forms of introduction into the French families of diſtinction were to be diſpenſed with, and ſtrangers admitted *ad eundem*, under whatever characters they choſe to aſſume, every kind of fraud and impoſition would be daily practiſed againſt that indiſcriminate hoſpitality, which could neither do honour to the beſtower or the receiver.

But let an Engliſh Gentleman be properly introduced to any one family of diſtinction at Paris, and I will take upon me to ſay, that it muſt be his own fault if he does not paſs his time as agreeably, and receive as many marks of attention and good-nature, as he could poſſibly do in the ſociety of his moſt intimate acquaintance in his own country.

This

This I can pronounce from experience; for having formerly had the honour of being known to the Duke de Choiſeul, when he was Ambaſſador at the Engliſh Court, though I had not the happineſs of meeting him at Paris, his Grace being then in retirement, yet, through the favour of his recommendation, I received every mark not only of the moſt perfect politeneſs, but of the moſt unaffected kindneſs from perſons who were as eminent for their merits as their high rank at the Court of Verſailles.

With a heart filled with gratitude and real regret, at quitting the moſt amiable ſociety I had ever enjoyed, I ſet out in Spring for the South, and fixed my reſidence in a delightful village near Toulouſe, where I reſided ſome months above a year, till I found my wife's health ſufficiently eſtabliſhed to venture back again to England.

The inhabitants of the Province are infinitely more reſerved than thoſe of the metropolis; their commerce with the world has not been ſo general. The Nobleſſe are treated like Princes by their

their tenants and vaſſals, inſomuch that an Engliſhman would be apt to imagine that the Feudal Laws had only been repealed within a certain diſtance of the Capital. Slaves neceſſarily create tyrants; the ruſtic Nobility have of courſe a haughtineſs, or *fierté*, in their manners which is very diſguſting to ſtrangers till intimacy and mutual liking makes one party abate of it, or, at leaſt, the other becomes leſs hurt by it from uſe.

By the advantage of our introductory letters, my wife and I were ſoon received into the beſt ſociety that this neighbourhood afforded; yet we often regretted our friends at Paris as well as in London. We had the honour of being preſented to Monſieur Le Comte de Bernis, *le Seigneur foncier*, in Engliſh, the Lord of the Manor, before we left Paris, and thought him a very agreeable young man.

He had been abſent from his Caſtle above three years, which time he had employed in perfecting himſelf in all the liberal exerciſes ſuited to his rank. On his return into the country, he was received with the higheſt joy by his tenants

nants and domeſtics ; who, in order to expreſs their gladneſs, made a little holiday for themſelves, and danced on the green near his gates.

My wife and I were ſpectators of this chearful ſcene. At the ſound of the ruſtic muſic the Comte immediately appeared; the young female dancers quickly ſurrounded him, placing a garland of flowers on his head, and preſenting him with another, which he was requeſted to beſtow, as the prize of Beauty, upon the faireſt of the dancing maidens.

It was not poſſible that he ſhould heſitate where to place the wreath even as long as Paris did in beſtowing the apple; for Venus ſhone confeſt in the figure of a girl, about ſixteen, who made one of this enchanting groupe.

The Comte ſtepped, or rather ſprang, forward to crown the lovelieſt head I ever ſaw. But neither pen or pencil can deſcribe the bluſhing modeſty, the attractive grace with which the fair Liſette declined the offered meed of matchleſs Beauty. But to the honour of our mortal race,

race, the companions of Liſette, unlike the jealous Beauties of the Sky, cried out with one voice, "Accept it, Liſette; it is moſt juſtly yours!" By gentle force compelled, the lovely maid received the prize with grace and dignity ſurpaſſing far her years or rank in life.

That ceremony with their ſport being ended, the Comte de Bernis flew to my wife, and in an extaſy exclaimed, "That young Angel muſt belong to you, Madam!—Perhaps your ſiſter!" Upon being anſwered in the negative, he ſeemed dejected; but we all agreed with him, that it was impoſſible Liſette could have been meanly deſcended or vulgarly educated.

Upon enquiry, from the Comte de Bernis' ſteward we learned, that the father of Liſette was called Monſieur Armand; that he rented a cottage in the village; that his family conſiſted only of this daughter and a ſervant-maid, who had lived with him many years; that though not rich, he did not labour for his bread, but paid for every thing he wanted; that he was charitable to the poor, tender to the ſick, and was thought

thought a wiſer man by the peaſants than even the prieſt of the pariſh.

This account ſeemed rather to confirm than alter our opinion, with regard to the origin of Liſette; yet ſtill the matter was too much enveloped in myſtery, to determine whether ſhe was well born or not. The Compte ſeemed more concerned than curious upon this ſubject; and it was already apparent that he felt himſelf intereſted in the fate of this lovely girl.

A few days after this, my wife enquired out the cottage of Monſieur Armand; and on aſking for Liſette, was reſpectfully intreated to walk in by a decent elderly woman-ſervant. She had no ſooner entered, than ſhe was ſtruck with ſurprize at the neatneſs of every thing round her. She found Monſieur Armand reading to his daughter, who ſat working at a little frame by his ſide. They both roſe on my wife's going into the room; Monſieur Armand received her with great politeneſs, while the lovely Liſette was covered with bluſhes, which were elegantly apologized for by the father's ſaying,

" She

"She never had received ſo great an honour before."

Her viſit ended, my wife returned in ſuch raptures both with the father and daughter, that I reſolved to ſollicit Monſ. Armand's acquaintance. He was at firſt extremely reſerved; but as we became more intimate, I eaſily diſcovered that his mind was well informed, and that from his knowledge of the world, he muſt have lived in it.

He was between forty and fifty years old, had a handſome melancholy countenance, with a prodigious ſweetneſs in his look when he ſmiled, which, indeed, was but ſeldom; his paſſions, affections, and ſenſations, ſeeming all, but one, totally under the government of the moſt rigid philoſophy. His parental fondneſs appeared to be the only token of his not being a perfect ſtoic; and I have known him indulge this *graceful weakneſs of the human heart* even to tears, while he gazed on his blooming daughter.

Though he had a ſmall, yet well choſen collection of books, he ſeldom read

read any thing but Charon's or Montaigne's Eſſays; excepting when he choſe to indulge Liſette highly with a Play of Corneille's or Racine's. He uſed frequently to paſs three or four hours at a time in my houſe, but never could be prevailed upon to dine or ſup from home; nor did he approve of Liſette's ſpending much of her time with my Maria, though he allowed her to be an excellent wife and an amiable woman.

The Comte de Bernis made many overtures to be acquainted with Monſ. Armand; but he without appearing to reject, contrived to decline all manner of intercourſe with him; inſomuch that if they met at my houſe, Monſieur Armand immediately retired.

The father's ſeeming diſlike to the Comte did not deſcend to the daughter, for he had made a conſiderable progreſs in the affections of her innocent heart, before Monſieur Armand knew they were at all acquainted.

Liſette was by no means guilty of any deceit towards her parent on this occaſion;

on; her meetings with the Comte had always appeared to her perfectly accidental; and nothing but the timidity naturally arising from the consciousness of her prepossession in his favour, had prevented her from mentioning their frequent interviews.

Matters remained in this situation for near twelve months, till at length a lawsuit, which had lain dormant during the Comte de Bernis' minority, was revived by his adversary with uncommon vigour; and, as it threatened the loss of the greatest part of his fortune, his relations had requested he would go to Paris to sollicit his cause, and make what interest he could in favour of his suit.

But Love opposed the prudence of this advice; for he was much more anxious for the state of his happiness, than of his finances; and he could not be prevailed on to leave the country, till he had the sanction of Monsieur Armand's permission to love and wooe his daughter.

On this occasion the Comte applied to

to me; and firſt aſſuring me that his intentions towards Liſette were truly honourable, implored me to requeſt Monſieur Armand to reveal his real rank in life, which we were both convinced that he concealed, and to give his conſent to Liſette's being married to the Comte de Bernis, as ſoon as he had recovered his law-ſuit, of which he aſſured me he had then no doubt, and ſhould return from Paris.

No perſon could be more highly delighted than I was with the Comte de Bernis' commiſſion. I flew to Monſieur Armand, and entering his little parlour *ſans ceremonie*, found his lovely daughter leaning on the arm of his chair, with ſtreaming eyes imploring his forgiveneſs. I ſtarted back with ſurprize, and would have retired inſtantly, but that Monſieur Armand, with a firm but courteous voice, entreated me to return. "Appearances (he ſaid) might poſſibly deceive and miſlead me into the error of ſuppoſing that his beloved Liſette had done ſomething amiſs, which was by no means the caſe; for though her conduct was pitiable, it was not reproachable; and that he knew her filial virtue and ſtrength

ſtrength of mind ſo well, that he had but to point the path, and ſhe would walk in it, though it were ſtrewed with thorns."

"True, true, my father! (exclaimed the charming maid) Love yields to duty; rather let me ſay, to Love; for ſure the daughter's fondneſs ſhould take place of every other ſubſequent affection; and from this hour I'll ſtrive to baniſh every thought that could offend my father; and as he diſapproves my hapleſs paſſion, I will never behold its object more."

"Stop, ſtop, my fair Liſette (ſaid I), make no raſh vows; your father may be won to give his ſanction to your happineſs, and by that means complete his own, as well as that of a deſerving lover."

"You are miſtaken, Sir (Monſieur Armand replied). Retire, Liſette, unleſs you wiſh to hear a repetition of my motive for refuſing my conſent to your unhappineſs, which muſt neceſſarily follow your marrying the Comte de Bernis; who thinks he ſhould do you ho-

nour by raiſing you to his rank, and, even whilſt a lover, looks down with contempt upon the meanneſs of her father, whom he intends to be the mother of his children."

"You muſt allow me, Sir (I ſaid), to retort your own expreſſion; for indeed you are extremely miſtaken with regard to the Comte de Bernis' ſentiments, He honours and reſpects the father of Liſette, as much as he admires her lovely ſelf; and has this very hour commiſſioned me to requeſt your conſent to make both you, himſelf, and your daughter happy."

"That is not in his power, believe me, Sir (anſwered Monſieur Armand); Happineſs is only to be found in independence; I enjoy it now, though mixed with poverty; and never will I forego the firſt, to be releaſed from the latter. This ſentiment, Sir (purſued he), favours more of England than of France, and ſhould, therefore, have your approbation at leaſt."

"The deſire of independence is natural to every man of every clime, upon

on this habitable globe; and were you, Sir, only concerned (ſaid I), I ſhould reſpect the man who had ſufficient ſpirit to refuſe favours he could live without, from the bounty of a ſtranger. But, Sir (continued I), think on the lonely and defenceleſs ſtate in which your lovely daughter muſt be left, when it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to take you from her! What pangs will wring your heart in that ſad hour, when you ſhall think your pride had deprived your child of the ſupport which ſhe would find in a fond huſband's protection; and that you leave her then expoſed to every grievous ill which innocence, and beauty in diſtreſs, too often meet! Beſides, my friend (ſaid I), depend on it, Liſette muſt love the Comte; he is as amiable as ſhe is fair; they both are young, and deſtined for each other."

He anſwered, "If I ſhould find my daughter's weakneſs ſo great ſhe cannot give up her paſſion for the Comte, ſhe muſt then give up me; I will not ſee her wretched, and that ſhe muſt be ſo, from ſuch a diſproportioned match, I am convinced. I, therefore, will withdraw myſelf from the ſad ſcene, and in

ſome diſtant and ſequeſtered ſpot finiſh my hapleſs days.

"But if my child's affections yet may be recalled (continued he), I wiſh her to tranſplant them on her equal, and my conſent ſhall gladly bleſs their union. But if her mind ſhould be averſe to ſuch a choice as I could wiſh ſhe would make, ſhe at my death will find ſufficient inheritance to place her in a Convent. She, therefore, is not deſtitute of means for her ſupport; ſhe is poſſeſſed of beauty, health and virtue; and Providence, I doubt not, will be her guide through life."

In the courſe of many interviews I never could obtain any other kind of anſwer to the Comte's propoſal, from the reſpectable, but inflexible Monſieur Armand. The poor young man, almoſt heart-broken, loitered away the time he ſhould have ſpent in ſolliciting his ſuit, in attending to conquer the obduracy of Monſieur Armand, by offering to ſettle his whole fortune upon Liſette; but the father's diſlike ſeemed to increaſe with the lover's offers, and

he

he at length intreated me never to mention the Comte de Bernis more.

I acquieſced, at length, in his deſire, from a conviction that nothing I could ſay would alter his opinion in the leaſt. I ſtrenuouſly adviſed the Comte to endeavour to conquer his affection, and recommended his going immediately to Paris, as the beſt means of effecting his cure.

While this matter was in debate between us, an expreſs arrived to inform the unhappy young man, that the lawſuit was terminated in favour of his adverſary; and that he muſt immediately reſign the greateſt part of his fortune, and give up the poſſeſſion of his Caſtle and demeſne along with the reſt.

I never ſaw ſo great an inſtance of fortitude and generoſity as the Comte de Bernis ſhewed upon this trying occaſion. When he had read the letter which brought him the account of his misfortune, he claſped his hands, raiſed his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, "How truly thankful am I at this moment for Monſieur Armand's obdura-

cy! I ſhould have been a wretch, indeed, had I involved the woman I adore in poverty! My fortune, ſhould I ſtill have poſſeſſed it, could not have made me happy without her, and therefore it is not worth regetting. My honour and my ſword are ſtill my own, and they ſhall add new luſtre to my name, or mark me out an honourable grave!"

I was ſo truely delighted with the ſpirit and virtue of the Comte's ſentiments, that I embraced him with all the affection of a father; and aſſured him, that both my fortune and intereſt were at his ſervice to command in any way that might be uſeful to him. The gallant youth expreſſed a proper ſenſe of my friendſhip, but declined accepting any other mark of it, than that of my requeſting Monſieur Armand's permiſſion that he might bid a final adieu to his beloved Liſette, and pour forth a thouſand bleſſings on her beauteous head.

I promiſed him that ſo reaſonable a deſire ſhould be complied with, on the preſumption that Monſieur Armand, from a ſimilitude of ſentiment, would be

be ſo much charmed with the Comte's ſpirit and conduct, as readily to grant one laſt ſad parting interview to the unhappy lovers.

I went accordingly to his cottage, and found him ſeemingly loſt in thought, and gazing on a letter which was addreſſed to Monſieur Le Comte de Feuillade. His eyes were dimmed with tears; and as I entered the room he exclaimed, as it were to himſelf, "Ah, Julia! thou dear partner of my ſorrows, why doſt thou now not live to ſhare my joys?" Rouſed by the ſound of my footſteps, Monſieur Armand wiped off the tears that had prevented his ſeeing me enter, and with a more open countenance than I had ever ſeen him wear before, ſtretched forth his hand to receive me.

I immediately apologized for my intruſion, and told him I came to requeſt a particular favour from him. He ſaid, "If it was in his power to oblige me, I might command my wiſh." I then repeated what I have already mentioned, of the Comte de Bernis' behaviour on the loſs of his fortune, and joined with

him in intreating he might be permitted to bid adieu to his adored Liſette.

Before I could conclude my ſpeech, Monſieur Armand cried out, "Heaven be praiſed!" Notwithſtanding the piety of his ejaculation, I could not help thinking him a brute, for rejoicing in the misfortunes of ſuch an amiable man as the Comte de Bernis; and was upon the point of ſpeaking my opinion, when he interrupted me, by ſaying, "His tranſport aroſe from the young man's having proved himſelf worthy of his daughter, as it was now in his power to prove her ſuperior, both in rank and fortune, to the higheſt expectation the Comte could ever have formed about her."

My amazement kept me ſilent, while he thus went on:—"You ſee in me, Sir, a man who has been perſecuted by Fortune, and patiently have I endured the miſeries I felt, as far as they related to myſelf alone; but the arrows of adverſity have pierced this heart a thouſand times, by ſtriking at the boſom of a wife whom I adored. She is in Heaven, Sir! for Julia was an Angel, even before ſhe left this worthleſs earth! My tears

tears for ever ſhall witneſs and embalm her virtues.

" But let me not delay the Comte's requeſt; let him come, but not to bid adieu to his beloved Liſette, for they ſhall part no more; the loſs of fortune, which would have alienated a vulgar mind, has but endeared him to me. The Comte de Feuillade's daughter is entitled to a much larger fortune than that the Comte de Bernis has loſt; and my girl will of courſe have an opportunity of ſhewing, that her affection is as diſintereſted as her lover's was.

" With your permiſſion, Sir (continued he), I would wiſh to have the ſecret kept from the young people, till they have enjoyed the mournful luxury of a tender parting, which will enhance the happineſs they ſhall feel, when they hear that they are to be united."

After congratulating the Comte de Feuillade on the happy change in his ſituation, I told him I thought it cruel to afflict the lovers unneceſſarily; and begged I might be permitted to inform

the Comte de Bernis of the happineſs that awaited him.

Monſieur de Feuillade inſiſted on being allowed to conduct this affair according to his own opinion: aſſuring me, "I was but a bad geographer in the chart of human life, if I did not know, that the ſureſt road to Happineſs was through the land of Sorrow." He added, that "He had a further motive for his preſent mode of acting, as he wiſhed to know how far Liſette's affections were engaged to the Comte, independant of the advantages ariſing from his former ſituation."

I promiſed to keep his ſecret, on condition he would permit me to be a witneſs to the tranſports of the young people, when the diſcovery was made. He readily conſented to my requeſt; and I ſet out to bring my young friend to the appointment.

All Hero as the Comte de Bernis had hitherto ſhewn himſelf, his ſpirits ſeemed to droop as we approached the fane where his divinity was lodged. As we entered the houſe, he whiſpered to me, "If

" If I ſurvive this parting, my heart will never yield to any other ſorrow, and henceforth I may defy misfortune."

The Comte de Feuillade met us at his door, and ſaluted Monſieur de Bernis with more politeneſs and cordiality than I had ever ſeen him ſhew before. " Come, my friend (ſaid Monſieur de Feuillade, taking my hand), let us retire, and not intrude upon that grief which I reſpect and pity."

We immediately went into the garden, where Liſette was commanded to attend her father, as ſoon as the interview with her lover was over. Sooner than I expected I ſaw the lovely maid approach, quite drowned in tears. " He is gone (ſaid ſhe), my father; and I ſhall never ſee the Comte de Bernis more! I have, beſides, another grief (continued ſhe); I have diſobeyed you, Sir, and owned my love; his misfortunes have triumphed over my reſolution, though they could not conquer his; and I could not deny his ſorrows the ſmall conſolation of knowing, that no other man ſhall ever rival him in my affections; and that, living or dying, my

my heart ſhall be ever devoted to him, and him alone."

"Generous Liſette!" cried I; whilſt her father claſped the trembling, agitated maid cloſe to his boſom, and exclaimed, "My Angel Child!" I flew to bring the Comte de Bernis to receive his well-earned portion of the general happineſs; but though he had nobly withſtood the ſevere attacks of adverſity, he was nearly overcome by the ſudden effuſion of joy, and almoſt fainted in my arms, when the Comte de Feuillade preſented his daughter's hand to him; ſaying. "The manner in which you have ſupported the ſudden ſtroke of adverſe fortune that has befallen your youth, muſt prepoſſeſs every noble mind in your favour, and render you an object of eſteem and tenderneſs. As ſuch, the Comte de Feuillade thinks himſelf honoured by your alliance, and thus with tranſport joins your hands."

Paſſions, when in the extreme, will not admit of deſcription. I ſhall therefore only ſay, that the Comte de Bernis was made as happy as he deſerved to be; and I think one need not wiſh for higher

higher felicity than his, when rated by that ſcale.

I think I have now furniſhed my Countrymen with two as ſtriking inſtances of nobleneſs of mind, and generoſity of ſentiment, as are to be met with in the Annals of Britain. As to perſonal bravery, every gallant ſoldier in our ſervice will readily own, that the French have both as much courage and humanity as themſelves. Let, then, our national prejudices ceaſe; and let every ſenſible and honeſt Engliſhman acknowledge, that he may find as much real worth out of his native country, as in it.

It may, perhaps, be expected, that as I have told the little Anecdote of the Comte de Bernis and Liſette in the ſtile of a Novel, that I ſhould give ſome account of the ſudden metamorphoſis of Monſieur Armand into the Comte de Feuillade. Suffice it then to ſay, that this Gentleman was ſecond ſon to the Comte de Feuillade; had married in his youth a Lady of the utmoſt beauty and merit, but of a ſtation in life far inferior to his; and that, in conſequence of

of this act of imprudence, his father had cruelly disinherited him, and left him entirely dependant on the charity of his elder brother, who furnished him with so mean a support, that he thought it would disgrace his rank to own it, and therefore assumed the name of Armand.

He had lived in obscurity for several years with his beloved wife, who, too conscious of the evils she had brought upon him, sunk at length beneath them, and expired, leaving to his care the education of their infant daughter, the little Heroine of my Tale.

The letter, which lay on his table, addressed to the Comte de Feuillade, brought him an account of the death of his inhuman elder brother, who left no heirs, and of course our Monsieur Armand succeeded to his honours and estate, which every one who knows him, wishes he may long enjoy; and I flatter myself that he, his amiable daughter and son-in-law, will accept this little tribute of my gratitude, for many acts of friendship and kindness conferred by them on their much obliged

JOHN MEANWELL.

JULIA:

JULIA:

OR,

ADVENTURES

OF A

CURATE's DAUGHTER

By Mr. Mc MILLAN.

IF thou art a Curate, O Reader, and haſt already *one* pariſh in thy poſſeſſion, be contented, and ſeek not to have *two*. Be aſſured that contentment is better than to have *two livings*.

Many good people beſides Shakeſpeare have been born upon the Avon; and one of them was the Curate of the Pariſh of Elmwood. Of a family of nine people, parents and children, only he and his daughter Julia remained.

This

This old Parſon could do many things beſides eat his pudding, drink his October (both which he loved affectionately), and collect his tithes;—thoſe important qualifications which have been, from time immemorial, annexed to the office of a Country-Curate. He carried the Sciences in his head, and the Arts in his heart—I mean, ſo far as they are connected with manners or ſentiment. Beſides all this he preached an excellent ſermon, wore his own grey hairs, and had the gout: but, above all, he loved, moſt dearly loved, his daughter Julia.

And well did ſhe deſerve his love.—Sweet Maid! If ever I forget thee, may my fancy loſe her flights, and my pen its movements! If ever I forget the majeſtic elegance of thy form—or the liquid blue ſwimming in thy eye—or the half-roſe half-lilly colours glowing in thy cheek, like the ſtreaks of the weſt in a July evening—Oh! if I remember not the lovely confuſion o'er all thy features, when I firſt beheld thee in the arms of thy Raviſher—may I ceaſe to dream of thee!—If I do not, Julia! mayſt thou never think of me!

Such

Such was the daughter of the Curate of Elmwood—a fair form, and a pure heart!—It was nouriſhed in the pure boſom of a father.

Though the manſion of theſe contented relations roſe in the centre of the Pariſh, it was neither ſtately nor proud: like its inhabitants, it was modeſt, and ſeemed to retire into an obſcure and ſilent glade, formed between various clumps of ſhrubbery, and a ridge of riſing ground. At a ſmall diſtance rolled the ſilver Avon, ever muſical now mantling over a rocky channel, and now gliding through green plains and fields covered with wild flowers.

Through theſe fields, and along theſe ſkirted banks, full oft did the Curate and his daughter purſue their walk. In that ſweet hour of the evening, when the Sun ſeems dropping behind the hills, and throws a feeble but pleaſing beam o'er the landſcape, then might you ſee them walking arm in arm, and ſlowly, on the Avon-ſide. "Julia, (he would ſay to his daughter) my dear Julia, you and my Pariſh are the comfort of my life. Ye all are my children—but you,

Julia,

Julia, you are my Friend. The thirſty loves not to drink, nor the weary to reſt, more than I love to look upon *you*. What would become of me, Julia, wert thou gone? and when I am gone, my daughter, what will become of thee?"—I hope, father, we ſhall die both together,"—"God grant it! God grant it!" anſwered the old man.

Thus peaceably glided on their lives, till an unlucky accident in the neighbouring pariſh diſturbed their tranquility. The Vicar of that pariſh died. Now, the moment our Curate was informed of this, it rouſed one of his worſt paſſions: he had now but one wiſh to be gratified in this world; and that was—to have the neighbouring vicarage in his poſſeſſion. "My dear father (ſaid the unambitious Julia), have we not competence? and does not competence afford us happineſs? and is not this ſufficient?"—Ay, all that was very true: but then the vicarage lay ſo ſnug juſt at his own door; and he wanted to have it in his power to leave ſomething to his Julia after his death; and, now that he was ſo very old, and ſo very gouty

gouty, what a comfortable thing it would be to have a Curate under him, to perform ſervice when he was confined at home! The thing was evidently a ſnug thing, and would be very convenient: beſides, he knew the Patron of the living—he had been his ſchool-fellow—as good a nobleman as ever was born—he was certain of ſucceſs—It was impoſſible that he could not ſucceed—he had ſet his heart upon the thing—and Julia, his child, could not oppoſe it.

Here he was right. Julia would ſooner have expired at his feet. She yielded the point with a ſmile.

But much remained yet to be done. The Curate had talked like a man unacquainted with calculations, and his fancy (old as it was) got the ſtart of his judgment. He did not conſider that Lord C———, the patron of the living, reſided at London, and that his own limbs were too gouty to carry him thither—for perſonal application is abſolutely neceſſary in theſe caſes: Beſides, the Clergy, though they are continually adviſing their flocks to keep their eyes fixed upon the good things of

of Heaven only, have a ſtrange trick of keeping their own eyes conſtantly fixed upon the good things of this earth: Every moment, therefore, was important; to loſe a minute was to loſe the Curacy; and while he was talking, ſome other reverend brother, who had no gout in his toes, no daughter to provide for, no want of an aſſiſtant Curate, might be poſting to his Lordſhip in Berkely-Square.

The old man became now greatly agitated; and that boſom which ought to have been the manſion of reſignation and peace, was diſturbed by reſtleſs wiſhes and ill-timed deſpair. The ſympathetic ſoul of Julia was rouſed; her heart throbbed with guiltleſs pangs, and ſhe felt for the griefs of her father. She tried to ſoothe him, but tried in vain: ſhe argued againſt his wiſhes, but ſhe was arguing againſt the follies of old age, which are incurable. The Curacy was loſt, and he was reſolved to bewail it.

The evening came, but came not as uſual; this man of deſpair was unconſcious of its charms. His ſoul was deaf

to

to the voice of Nature, even when her notes were ſweeteſt—at the cloſe of the day. He liſtened not to the carrols of the hinds, nor to the ruſtic muſic of the fields: the flocks cluſtered in the meadows unnoticed: and the ſun poured his evening glories over the landſcape unregarded. Even Julia did not charm him: he ſaw her kneel at his ſide without emotion, and he heard her ſighs in ſilence.

Here a father and a friend was loſt to happineſs—the only friend too ſhe had in the world—and ſorrows much leſs than theſe would have murdered the peace of Julia. She had already knelt by the ſide of her father: ſhe now claſped his hand cloſely in her own, and fixing her blue eyes pathetically on his countenance, begged that he would not refuſe her one requeſt—"What was that?"—To permit *her* to go to London, in queſt of the Curacy.

Electricity could not touch him quicker. The voice of Julia was pathetic, and it awakened him. His affections returned in an inſtant: he leaned over his daughter, and gave her to underſtand

underſtand that it was impoſſible to grant her requeſt; that he would not part with her for a Biſhoprick; and that ſhe muſt not think to part with him. She replied; he anſwered; and ſhe reanſwered: in ſhort, the conteſt was long, ſtubborn, and eloquent; and though there was not much learning in it, it abounded with nature, a richer quality. Suffice it to ſay that Julia conquered; and ſhe obtained with great difficulty what ſhe called the honourable office of being her father's meſſenger.

It has been obſerved already that diſpatch is one of the few roads to preferment. As no time was therefore to be loſt, it was agreed upon that ſhe ſhould ſet off the next morning. The Warwick ſtage paſſed through the neighbouring market-town, and ſhe might walk thither to meet it. The old man retired to get ready his letters, and Julia to make her little preparations for her journey.

How they ſlept, themſelves know beſt; but when the morning came, the Curate's opinions were entirely changed. "He had thought better upon the ſubject,

ject, and he was reſolved not to let her go. The roads were dangerous, and London was ſtill more ſo—beſides, ſhe might turn ſick—or the coach might be overturned—ſhe might be killed—and he would never ſee her more." Julia knew that theſe fears were only the tender works of timid nature, and ſhe oppoſed them. In ſhort, the conteſt was renewed with its former warmth; and the affection of the daughter triumphed once more over the tenderneſs of the Father. He conſented again to let her go, on condition that *Joe* (his labourer, his gardener, his footman, his hoſtler, his every-thing) ſhould attend her with his friendly care—ſhould be the companion of her journey.

Now this *Joe* was the aukwardeſt mortal—Never, ſure, did a more ſimple ſquire page it at the heels of a fair lady. Neither the Sancho of Don Quixote, nor the Pedrillo of Roſalva, were more arrant children of Nature—were guided by more native ſimplicity. He and his occupations ſeemed made for each other, ſo exactly were they reſpectively fitted. He was never famous but for two things; viz. for whiſtling,

whiſtling, after his team, the loudeſt and moſt muſical notes of any in the whole village—and for knitting ſtockings: this was all the reputation he had in the world; and he was now going to ſet out for London (where he had never been) in high expectation of ſeeing fine things and fine folks, but without any idea of receiving treatment different from what he met with in the pariſh of Elmwood.

Now, reader, ſtop a moment, and bethink thee of this plan and of this journey; and then confeſs that they were highly worthy of the politic heads which gave them birth. A village-virgin, attended by a village-boor—both equally accuſtomed to travelling, and the buſtle of an Engliſh turnpike-road—both equally ſkilled in the knowledge of men and of their characters—are ſetting out for London—for *London*, I ſay—in queſt of a Curacy! The thing was worthy of a Village-Curate. The deſcent of Eneas into Hell was, in compariſon of this, walking upon carpets.

Facilis deſcenſus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum——

Our

Our travellers were now ready to begin their walk to the market-town, which was but four miles diſtant. Without palfrey, armour, or other retinue than the children of the neighbourhood (who regarded Julia as the good and fair Genius of the village) the cavalcade ſet out. Julia and her father led the van, and the reſt followed. Joe, as if conſcious that he was entering upon a ſervice of danger, aſſumed a ſtatelier port and a more auguſt viſage; and, with a clean ſhirt in his left pocket, much good bacon and cheeſe in his right, and a luſty ſapling in his hand, he towered majeſtic forward in the midſt of the children, with ſtern aſpect and long ſtrides.

The company had now walked a mile, and were to part. On this trying occaſion I could ſay much, but will not. To deſcribe the glances of affection and the looks of love which gliſtened in every eye, which played in every feature, would be extremely tedious to many of my gentle readers: I ſhall therefore content myſelf with informing them, that in this difficult ſcene the ſimple heart of the Curate failed him;

his eyes confeſſed it, and he played the woman. The tender Julia caught the ſoft contagion; and from her it paſſed to the little villagers who compoſed her train. Joe, who now ſaw what was paſſing all around him, was not willing to be ſingular: his eye forgot its haughtineſs for a moment, and he mixed his plaintive notes in the concert of woe.—Thus they are all crying together.

But theſe lamentations were ſoon over. The Curate, taking his daughter by the hand, ſhowered bleſſings and advices upon her in great plenty; told her to be cautious, prudent and expeditious; that while ſhe took care of herſelf, ſhe was ſerving him; and then again wiſhing her ten thouſand bleſſings, bade his child adieu. The Curate marched ſlowly back at the head of his young flock, and our two travellers ſet forward to the market-town with a haſty pace and high expectations

Having now begun a journey, we muſt be expeditious. They arrived at the market-town, met the ſtage coach, and took their reſpective ſtations —Julia in the inſide, and Joe, like her guardian

guardian angel, perched above her upon the top. Now why ſhould I loiter to rehearſe the trival adventures of a ſtage-coach journey—how, always as town roſe to view after town, hill after hill, and county after county, the ſpirits of Joe roſe in proportion, and ſtill he whiſtled on both loud and long, like the lark at day-break; or how, though all the ſilly people in the coach ſtared continually at Julia, the timid Julia durſt not ſtare at them? or why ſhould I relate the idle ſmall-talk, the impudent regard, and the uncourteous gallantry, with which ſhe was entertained by a fooliſh officer of the guards (thoſe coxcomb troops), who is well known to be a fop in the Drawing-room and a fribble on the Parade? Otherwiſe they went ſmoothly on, till they arrived at the Lane which is three miles on the weſt ſide of Uxbridge; when a very civil gentleman came to the window, and deſired them to give him all the money they had. The gentleman at the window was far from being unpolite, conſidering he had declared war againſt Society. He beſpoke them very gently, beginning at the right hand, and following them all, man by

man, and woman, by woman, till he went round to the left ſide. The officer was unhappily firſt, and he gave his purſe with a ſullen ſilence. Julia was next, and held her little money in her hand, but durſt not look towards the window. A meagre cockney gave all, but begged a few ſhillings back to carry him to St. Paul's. A little fat woman ſurrendered her purſe with a threat; and a plain-dreſſed man regretted he had not more for ſo civil a gentleman.

When they arrived at the inn at the next ſtage, each one expreſſed his ſorrows as his feelings prompted: but they were now to enter upon their laſt ſtage, and none had ſuch weighty cauſe to be aggrieved as Julia, who had not a friend before her. To go forward was madneſs, and to go back was impoſſible. What was ſhe to do?—She called in Joe, and aſked if he had provided himſelf with any money, in caſe of an emergency.—"Yes, that he had—and there it was at her ſervice."—throwing down his entire ſtock upon the table, which in the whole amounted to the ſum of three ſhillings and nine-pence. This made deſpair more black. It was her firſt

firſt misfortune; and ſhe thought it but a rough entrance into the world, for one who never deſerved it.

The officer now entered the room; and ſeeing Joe there, began to upbraid him for ſuffering the highwayman to eſcape, when he was ſeated ſo advantageouſly at the top, with an oaken ſapling in his hand—"You ſtupid oaf! (ſaid this military hero) why did you not attack him?"—"'Caſe I had not a ſword by my ſide, like you (replied Joe, with the greateſt frankneſs—he—he—he! icod, every man to his traid, meaſter!"—Theſe arguments were unanſwerable.

The officer now walked up to Julia, whoſe embarraſſment he perceived; and taking her aſide, told her he gueſſed the cauſe of her ſorrow, and that he was happy he had it in his power to remove it: "for (continued he) I know the road too well to venture my all upon it, and to leave myſelf unprovided with reſources. Here (ſays he, untying his ſtock, and ſhaking out of it a ſlender green purſe) here is my *corps de reſerve*: I gave the robber a few ſhillings, and I ſecured this for your uſe." Now Julia

examined the face of this affair ſimply as it ſtood. It was a caſe of neceſſity; and ſhe thought it ridiculous for one who was many, many miles from Elmwood, and who had not two-pence in her pocket, to refuſe the loan of a few guineas, which would remove all her ſorrows. She might probably have an opportunity of hinting the matter to Lord C—— when ſhe ſaw him, who would no doubt advance the money upon the Curacy and thus all would be right again. She therefore thanked him politely, and told him that when ſhe ſaw her noble friend Lord C——, ſhe hoped to be able to repay him. "Lord C——! (ſays he)—what—you are going to viſit him?"—Yes, Sir.—"C—a relation I preſume, Madam?" No, Sir—only a friend: his Lordſhip and my father were great friends when they were young, and at ſchool.—"Ay, ay—your father, I preſume, Madam, lives in the country?"—Yes, Sir; he's Curate of Elmwood, near ——— in Warwickſhire. "Your viſit, Ma'am—is it a viſit of pleaſure or buſineſs?"—Buſineſs, Sir: I am only come to town with a letter from my father to Lord C—— to ſolicit the Curacy of ———.——"O I underſtand you, Ma'am.

Ma'am. Lord C—— is my particular acquaintance, and it will give me pleaſure to be your protector and your guide, till I deliver you ſafely and honourably to his Lordſhip.—Would you chuſe to alight, Ma'am, at any parti-particular place in London?"—No, (ſaid the ſimple Julia) I intend to ſtay at the Inn all night, and to wait upon his Lordſhip in the morning.—"Ah! Madam (replied the officer), you do not know the confuſion, the diſguſt, and danger which you will meet with at the Inn: I have a mother in town, who lives elegantly: Be prevailed upon to be lodged this night at her houſe: She will receive you with chearfulneſs, and treat you with tenderneſs. May I periſh, Madam—may I beg the honour to know your name, Madam?"—Julia. —"May I periſh, Miſs Julia, but I am intereſted in your caſe as ſincerely as if you was my ſiſter!" This laſt propoſal was better and better. To meet ſo good a friend at once!—She was certain her father's prayers for her were heard; and ſhe thought ſhe could not be too thankful to Heaven—nor to the Gentleman. She accepted his offer;

and they mounted the ſtage-coach once more.

As the ſtage coachman was at this place paid his full demands, there was nothing to be done but to roll into town, and go where they pleaſed. The fat woman lived in Holborn, and the coach ſtopt to ſet her down. "Here too, Madam (ſaid the officer to Julia), we may get out for we are near our home." The artful abrubtneſs and hurry of the ſummons—the conſciouſneſs of finding herſelf ſuddenly in the midſt of the immenſe metropolis, where ſhe already ſaw ſtrange things, and expected to ſee ſtill ſtranger—her total ignorance of every thing around her—her hopes—her expectations—her ſimplicity—all contributed to throw her mind into confuſion, her ſpirits into a flutter: She forgot every thing—ſhe forgot even Joe—and Joe, alas! forgot her; for he was exactly in the ſame predicament. He was aſtoniſhed: he was in a new world: his recollection forſook him, and a miſt wandered over his eyes: he ſat nailed to the top of the coach, with his mouth open, looking at every thing, and ſeeing nothing. In this

this cloud Julia eſcaped; and ſhe neither ſpoke nor looked aronnd her, till her gallant commander led her into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—Now when a young Gentleman, with a young Lady by his ſide, who is reſolved to follow him, finds himſelf in Lincoln's Inn-Fields, the road to Covent-Garden lies direct: 'tis only going up Queen-ſtreet, croſſing the *Lane* and the *Acre*, and you're there. He conducted her into that well-known houſe ſituate between the gate of the Theatre and the Piazza Coffee-houſe. The polite inhabitants of this houſe received the young Gentleman with all the freedom and civility of an old acquaintance, which convinced Julia that he was *quite at home*.

Now, gentle reader, while Julia and her friend are ſeated at a bottle of Madeira, recollect, and confeſs whether we have not travelled to good purpoſe. From the banks of the Avon—from the manſion of innocence—from the warm boſom of a father—to place our Heroine on the very brink of perdition at once!—by Pegaſus, it was rapidly done! Other authors, indeed, have by degrees, from adventure to ad-

venture, from ſcene to ſcene, carried their Heroines into very extreme danger; but we, fully reſolved to excel all that have ever gone before us, have ſeated her upon the pinnacle of ruin at once.—And now, ye guardian ſpirits (if ſuch ſpirits there be, as certain divines have told us) whether ye be Sylphs, Genii, or Fairies—if ye have indeed any regard for innocence, and a virgin too—now open your golden eyes, and now ply your ſilver pinions—for innocence is in danger.—And now, thou wretched old man, thou ambitious Curate of Elmwood—rekindle your piety, and redouble your prayers—for your daughter, your Julia, *is in a Bagnio*—and without a fear!

Every thing that paſſed around Julia in this houſe appeared too plauſible for her eyes to be opened, or her ſuſpicion to be rouſed—(for ſhe had never been in a Tavern before: and as to the inceſſant tinkling of bells, and the inceſſant running of waiters—why, bells and ſervants muſt be in all great families, and no doubt, muſt be continually employed)—The deception, I ſay, was good, and every thing appeared extremely well, except one thing: it puzzelled

puzzelled her to conceive why they ſhould be conducted into a *bed-chamber!* But perhaps (ſhe thought) it was the faſhion in London, and what was that to her?

Julia drank very ſparingly, but not ſo her companion; he was to attempt the gaining of a difficult poſt, and the coward wanted ſpirits. It is a tribute paid to virtue, that, though it be lodged in the poſſeſſion of but a frail and weak woman, its ſpoiler, before he attempts to ruin it, muſt call to his aſſiſtance foreign aid, acquire fictitious ſpirits and debaſe himſelf into a brute. The ſecond bottle began to tune the ſpirits of our Hero: his veins ſwelled, his pulſe quickened, his eyes gliſtened, and his cheek glowed: he ſnatched the hand of Julia, fed upon it with fury, and devoured it with a tumult of unholy love: if, indeed, he loved Julia, it was with love of a tyger.

She ſtarted from his embraces, and retreated ſome paces from her chair. He followed, and renewed the attack, and Julia her reſiſtance: he grew ſtronger, he grew wilder, his hand was wandering

wandering over her charms (where hand never wandered before), and he became furious; Julia became faint—ſhe was yielding—her tender frame was exhauſted, and ſhe could now only ſhriek. A ſhriek was a new thing in theſe apartments, and it alarmed a gentleman in the adjoining room, who, with his coat off, a dirty boot on one leg, and his face glowing and beſmeared with ſweat, kicked open the door, and ruſhed violently into the room, with all the zeal of a man who was to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed. The Officer let go his hold of Julia, and ſhe threw herſelf breathleſs upon a chair. The man in diſhabille ſtared at them both alternately, now at Julia, and now at the Officer, and at length broke ſilence:

"What! force!—Why, thou damnable and ſilly animal, what a dirty buſineſs is this you are engaged in—*forcing* a woman to your wiſhes!—To *force* a woman in any place is a meanneſs that no man of honour will ſtoop to—but to force one *here* in *this* houſe—D-mn--n! you ſcoundrel! get out—walk off, or I'll kick you."

We

We need not be ſurprized that the Officer was mean enough to take his advice. He looked at the man in diſhabille as if he had recollected ſomething, and left the room precipitately.

" And now, my Angel (ſaid the gentleman in the boot to Julia, taking her by the hand), let us drink a glaſs or two, and I dare ſay *we* ſhall agree better."—Oh, Sir! (replied Julia, claſping her hands and falling on her knees before him)——have mercy on me!——pity me!——or you will kill me—" Pſhaw, my dear! I never kill *quite* upon theſe occaſions — you will but *die* at the moſt.——But, Child, you look d-mn'd ſerious upon this buſineſs—Is any thing the matter with you?"—Oh, Sir! (anſwered Julia, in the midſt of many tears) I don't know where I am, and I don't know where to go—I am juſt come to town in the Warwick ſtage.—" In the Warwick ſtage!—what, thro' Uxbridge?"—Yes.—" And was that fellow one of the company?"——Yes.—" Whe—w!—And you met a highwayman, didn't you?"—Yes.—" That was me, by G-d!" Here Julia ſhrieked, terrified at the ſound of the name; but he ſtopped her in good time: " You muſt

muſt not be afraid (ſaid he), for I won't hurt you. Tell me honeſtly, are you virtuous or not?—that is, are you a maid?"—Oh! *upon* my honour, Sir.—"How came you here then, in company with that fellow?"—When you took—when I loſt all my money, he advanced ſome for me; and as I had no friends in London, promiſed to take care of me, and bring me to his mother's till to-morrow, when I could have finiſhed all my buſineſs.—"Then you are *really* honeſt?"—As I love Heaven and my Father, Sir, I am.——"Then thou art a lovely girl, and 'tis pity ſo fine a woman *ſhould be* honeſt. But I believe you, and ſhall be your friend—ſhall guard you from harm—for, by G-d! I am a man of honour! and though misfortune and my evil ſpirit force me ſometimes to the highway, I ſcorn to do a mean thing, by G-d!——In the firſt place, as you loſt your money, you ſhall divide this purſe with me. In the next place, you are now in a houſe full of wh-res and ſcoundrels—I muſt leave it myſelf in a minute, in caſe that fellow ſhould have *twigg'd* me, and I fancy you had better leave it too. Truſt yourſelf with me, and I

ſhall

ſhall take care of you till morning," Julia told him he could not ſerve her more agreeably than by carrying her to the Inn where the Stage and Joe were. That, he ſaid, was more than he durſt do; but he would carry her to a place equally or more ſecure. So ſaying, he returned to his room, to throw off part of his *road-dreſs*, and adjuſt the reſt.

If the Readear has a fancy worth two-pence, he will conceive how Julia's thoughts were employed in this interval, till they are interrupted by the enterance of the highwayman, who appeared now to be a handſome and genteel young fellow. He paid the reckoning, and they departed: It was now between nine and ten in the evening.

They had not quitted the Piazza, when four of Sir John Fielding's men ruſhed forward, and ſeized the highwayman with the moſt incredible activity. They ſwept him away, as the whirlwind ſweeps away the leaves in autumn, and whirls them the Lord knows where. Julia ran rapidly away, nor caſt one look behind. She continued to go

go forward (as ſhe thought), till ſhe had ran a great way; and then ſtopping for breath, ſhe was exactly on the ſpot from whence ſhe ſet out—ſhe had only run *round* the Garden, not ſuſpecting but ſhe was going forward in a ſtraight line. "Madam! Madam! (ſays an Iriſh chairman to her) do you want a chair?" I don't know what I want. My fait, but *I* do—you want to be carried to Mother H——'s, my jewel, which I and Connor yonder can do in five minutes."——My good friend, if you can carry me to any honeſt place, I ſhall bleſs you for ever.——"Honeſt *plaſe!*—Devil burn me, my honey, an if I know one honeſt *plaſe* in the whole town—Ha, ha, ha!—honeſt *plaſe!*—Ah, you cunning Devil you!—To be ſure you want to go to an honeſt *plaſe!*—Ha, ha, ha!——Here you, Mr. Watchman—this Lady wants to go to an honeſt *plaſe*—Can't you ſhew her the way?" "Aye, that I can (replied the watchman)—Ah, Madam, is it you?—I know you of old—Come along, come along with me: you ſhall go to the honeſteſt place in all King George's dominions—the *Round-houſe*."——The watchman happened juſt at that time to want

want a pot of beer; but Julia not underſtanding his meaning, to the Roundhouſe he led her in triumph.——Ah, Julia, Julia, ah!

She had been hitherto overwhelmed in a kind of inſenſibility: the ſuddenneſs and horror of the laſt adventure were too powerful for her; her faculties loſt their power, and her recollection was ſuſpended; ſhe was led by the watchman without ſeeing whither ſhe was going and ſhe was dragged along without feeling that he held her by the arm. But ſhe had not been long ſeated at the top of the bench, where they placed her near the fire, before ſhe awakened from her ſtupor. She awakened, looked around, and ſaw herſelf ſeated in the midſt of a horrible aſſembly, whoſe viſages would make Angels weep and Demons tremble. High above the reſt, like the Evil Spirit in Pandemonium, ſat the Conſtable of the Night, a beef-headed knave, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard on a ſtool before him.——"Here (ſaid this man in office) you, Snoring Dick, reach this here tankard to that there Lady, and then bring her before me for examination.—Oh, ſhe won't drink!—Well,

Well, well, that's all one—if ſhe does not drink ſhe'll pay; ſo bring her forward here."

Julia now advanced: her cheeks were ſuffuſed with tears, her breath quickened, and her whole frame trembled.

"Ay, ay (ſays the Conſtable), you may well ſhake when you look at me.—Hem! what account can you give of yourſelf, Miſs?—No, that's not it neither: I'll begin with you, I think, Miſter Watchman—Where did you find this here Lady here, Snoring Dick?"

"Found her! (replies Dick) why, pleaſe your Worſhip, I found her picking a gemmun's pockets."

"Picking a gemmun's pockets!—Mercy on us!—O ho, Miſs, you may well ſhake when you look at me—Well, Dick, go on."

"And ſo, Sir, as ſhe was a-picking the gemmun's pockets, as I was a-ſaying, I comes cloſe behind her, and lays hold of her hand in the fact."

"In

"In the fact?"

"In the fact."

"Tranſportation, to be ſure.—Well, go on, Snoring Dick."

"And ſo, Sir, as I catches her hand, ſhe turns about, ſtoops down for one of her pattens, and before you could ſay *Pervey*, hits me the naſtieſt blow in the ſkull I ever had in my life ſince the great riot—You pleaſe to feel, Miſter Conſtable, the hugeous lump it has raiſed on my ſkull."

"Ay, God bleſs me! ſo it is—it's a thumper, i'faith!"

"A thumper! It will ſtand damages. I never had ſuch a blow in my life—I wa'ant ye it bleeds under my hair. It ſtoundered me like a ſtock-fiſh,"

"Ay, ſhe wanted to murder you."

"Yes."

"Oh, the horrid monſter!—Well, Madam, have you nothing to ſay for yourſelf?—

yourſelf?—Ah, you impudent—Dick, take off her patten, that we may carry it as a witneſs before Sir John in the morning."

" Ay, that I will, Miſter Conſtable; the patten will ſpeak for itſelf, and a d-mn'd heavy patten it is."

Dick ſtooped for it, but Julia *wore no pattens.*

" Ah, the cunning Devil! (continued Dick) ſhe has thrown them away. I thought I heard her throw ſomething away as we came along.

" Oh, let her alone! (ſaid the Conſtable)—ſhe's a knowing-one: but ſhe ſhall doll it in Bridewell to-morrow, for all that.—Ay, you may well ſhake when you look at me, you bloody-minded—You may now return to your ſeat."

As Julia was returning to her bench, ſhe trembled inceſſantly, but never uttered a ſyllable.—" Oh, (ſays Dick) ſhe's dumb-founded with the highouſneſs of her crime." " No, (replies a ſecond)

ſecond) ſhe's drunk." "Not ſo far gone neither (echoes a third) but a quartern of gin would recover her."

"Ay, ay, (ſays the Conſtable) there's no doubt but ſhe'll drink; and it's her turn now to ſend out. Pleaſe, Madam, to give this gemmun money for a gallon of Trueman's beſt, and for half a gallon of hot, and for four papers of tobacco, and for a loaf, and for three pound of Cheſhire.—Here, Scout; walk over, Sirrah, to the Lady, and make her your Sunday's bow—Bring every thing of the beſt, and then we'll drink to the Lady's health, and to poor Snoring Dick's head; and old Ugly-face in the corner yonder will ſing us the comical ſong about the Cat and the Taylor, and make his wry faces, and we'll be as happy as Princes."

When this oration was finiſhed, Scout made his obieſance to Julia.—She was juſt able to aſk him what he wanted?—"Money, Madam."—How much muſt you have?——"Oh, you may let me have five or ſix ſhillings, and I'll make the beſt market I can, and return you the reſt faithfully, Madam, upon my honour!—

honour !—And if that won't be enough, I'll return for more."

Julia felt in her pocket for her purſe (which the highwayman had given her) but ſhe could not find it—it was gone!

On ſeeing this, the Preſident bawled out immediately, that it was " a ſham!" and Julia proteſted in vain. The company around heard this with with an arch ſmile; the watchmen ſhook their heads, and the Conſtable grew noiſy; which awakened an old gentleman who had hitherto ſlept very ſoundly in a corner. Eſtimating the thing as favourably as poſſible, he had not above half the appearance of a gentleman. The truth is, he was no other than the well-known Mr. B——, who once had three thouſand a year, though he has not now ſixty; but being a man of plain manners and a generous diſpoſition, is ſtill well received among his relations, and ſtrangers who know him. He had been lounging, as uſual, for eight or nine hours, in a Coffee-houſe in the Garden, and then withdrew, as he frequently does, to the watch-houſe, either to ſleep or drink. On this laſt account, he was regarded

regarded there with ſome degree of reſpect.

He naturally enquired the cauſe of the noiſe; and the majority informed him, that it was "only a *Madam* there, who pretended ſhe had loſt her purſe." Julia now appealed to him in her turn; and, with that unaffected ſimplicity which ever clothes the words of innocence and truth, informed him, that a watchman had taken hold of her unexpectedly in the ſtreet; that ſhe was poſitive ſhe had her purſe at that time, *becauſe a gentleman had given it to her but two minutes before*; that from that time ſhe had only walked thither with the watchman, and now ſhe miſſed her money."

"Which watchman was it?" ſaid the gentleman.

"Me—" replied Snoring Dick boldly.

"Was it *you?* (repeated Mr. B——). Ah, Dick! you and I, you know, are old acquaintance, and it is long ſince I have known you to be a ſcoundrel. Therefore Sirrah, deliver the purſe."

"Me!

"Me! (anſwered Dick)—Have I the purſe?—I'll be d--mn'd if I have any purſe about me."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"And you won't deliver?"

"No—"

"Why then, Mr. Conſtable, I charge you with——"

"Except indeed (interrupts Dick eagerly) ſomething that I picked up on the ſtreet, as I was coming along with that there lady."

"Ah, you old fox! (ſaid the gentleman) I thought I ſhould unkennel you. Where is this *ſomething* which you *picked up from the ſtreet?*"

"Here it is—but it does not belong to her."

"Pray, Madam (ſaid Mr. B——, addreſſing Julia) is this your purſe?"

"If

"If it has a gold taſſel at either end (anſwered Julia) it is mine, Sir, upon my honour."

It had ſo, was delivered to her, and Mr. B—— immediately retired back into his corner to ſleep.

Julia now willingly paid all the demands made upon her; and the Preſident obſerved to her, "that as to be ſure as how ſhe was a good-natured lady, and civil, and all them there things, and had *given a good account* of herſelf, why, to be ſure ſhe might now go about her buſineſs."

Julia thanked him, but mentioned, that ſhe did not know whither to go till morning. "Not know! (ſaid the Conſtable)—why there are five hundred beds round you, where you may ſleep for half-a-crown."——But ſhe was a ſtranger in town, and did not chuſe to venture into ſtrange houſes.

"Lord, Ma'am (obſerved ſnoring Dick) for ſixpence I'll conduct you to a *bagnio* where you will be as ſafe as if you was in the Tower."—She ſtarted at

hearing a *bagnio* mentioned.—" Why then, Ma'am, if ſo be as you are ſo ſhy, and a'n't proud, hire me well, and I'll let you ſleep in my houſe.—There's nobody there but my wife.—I'll ſeek but five ſhillings, and your purſe can well ſpare that."

This propoſal did not require to be repeated. Julia took him at his word. Even though he took her purſe, as he was a poor man, ſhe thought ſhe might be ſafe in his houſe for a night. Beſides, ſhe was pleaſed with the thoughts of being in company with a woman once more. With Dick, therefore, ſhe went into one of the little ſtreets behind Long-Acre, and followed him into a three-pair-of-ſtairs room, humble enough, indeed, but where all was ſilence. Dick awakened his wife, told her the ſtory, whiſpered to her to look ſharp after her lodger, and left them.

Julia chatted a little while with her landlady, and found her to be civil enough, for a watchman's wife. The firſt thing ſhe begged of her was to be favoured with pen, ink, and paper. She got theſe readily; the landlady retired

tired to bed; and Julia wrote the following letter:

"Ah! my dear father, ſhall we ever meet again?—When ſhall we meet?—Are you well?—Shall I ever ſeeyou? and ah! ſhall you ever ſee me?

"I am now—alas! I do not know where I am—nor where I have been—nor where I ſhall be to-morrow. I ſeem an out-caſt from ſociety: I have not met one friend ſince I left you: every one deceives me—every one inſults me: they have treated me cruelly—they have broke my heart. Even *Joe* has forſaken me: he has deſerted me, or he is loſt—or I know not what is become of him.

"Ah, my father! my dear father!—that Heaven which we both ſerve, let that Heaven bear witneſs, that *one* wiſh alone fills my whole ſoul—the wiſh to ſee you, once more, to talk with you, to gaze upon you, to ſit once more by your knee—I would ruſh into your boſom: I would wet it with my tears, but I would never forſake it—never, never!

"They are not mankind who ſurround me—I do not live among the human race: theſe are the habitations of the Furies. When ſhall I leave them? Shall I ever quit the dreary manſion where I now write?—I tremble—Shall I never more ſee Elmwood?—Shall I never more fly into the boſom of my father?"

"And oh! (continued Julia, in words half-ſtifled with grief) if it is poſſible, as my father has told me, that dreams have any meaning, and that the ſoul is moſt ſuſceptible of theſe viſionary impreſſions when it is moſt o'ercharged with woe — moſt ſurely this night I ſhall converſe with my father." She ſealed theſe hopes with a ſhower of tears.

Now, gentle reader, if it has been at any time your fate, (as it has been mine, and as it is at this moment many a nobler fellow's) to be ſitting in that lofty habitation called a garret, plunged in deep diſtreſs—no two-pence in your purſe, no mirth in your heart, and no beef in your belly—when, throwing your eyes around the rayleſs walls, you are

are conſcious that ſighs and tears are the only commodities in plenty about you—if this has been your caſe, you muſt well know the comfort that ariſes from ſhedding your ſorrows in ſecret—the relief that flows from a ſhower of ſolitary tears. In ſuch a ſituation, next to inſtantaneous and abſolute relief, it is the firſt of bleſſings, and Julia now felt it in all its force. Her heart was eaſed, and ſhe hoped for a night of reſt and for better days. Having then ſealed up her letter, ſhe retired to a bed ſo humble that it kiſſed the very ground.

Watching and grief had given her too good an appetite for ſleep not to enjoy it. Whether or not ſhe dreamed, I cannot really inform my reader, becauſe ſhe never informed myſelf of this circumſtance. This I know, that ſhe ſlept nine hours inceſſantly, and, when ſhe awoke, found her head reſting upon the partition-wall which roſe at the back of her bed. It conſiſted only of a ſingle file of boards, and was full of crevices. Her ear lay upon one of them, and it conveyed to her the moſt doleful accents that ever ſtruggled from the human breaſt. She ſtarted, and applied her

eye to the crevice, but every thing was ſolitary: ſhe ſaw no one. The voice ceaſed. It ceaſed only for a moment. Again it murmurs, weeps, laments, ſobs, and again it ceaſes. Her ſympathetic ſoul followed it through all its variations; and, led by a ſoft humanity, ſhe mourned with the mourner through every change of his woe. She applied her eye a ſecond time, but could ſee nothing. A moment after, the voice was renewed. It was now more querulous, then more plaintive, and at length died away upon her ear, as if it had expired for want of ſtrength. She heard it no more.

For the preſent, Julia ſuppreſſed her feelings, and aroſe. Snoring-Dick had retired for an hour, to ſleep away the fatigues of the night and of the beer-pot. His wife was at breakfaſt, (tea) and invited Julia to partake. She conſented willingly; and the woman, who had but one diſh, politely offered it to her gueſt, and took for her own uſe a pint-pot from which her huſband had been drinking beer.

This repaſt over, Dick awakened; and

and Julia, who was during breakfaſt-time deviſing what meaſures to follow, propoſed at firſt to engage him to go along with her to the inn where Joe and the ſtage-coach were; but on recollecting the dangers ſhe had already experienced in the ſtreets, ſhe reſolved not to venture upon it again, without a better guide than her friend the watchman. She therefore judged it more prudent to hire him to go to the inn, and to bring Joe along with him to the place where ſhe was. Dick readily aſſented to this propoſal, for the hire of a half-crown; which, he ſtipulated, ſhould be paid him before he ſet off, as well as the crown for the bed. All this he received on the ſpot, with the letter for her father to be put into the Poſt Office. He now departed, aſſuring her, that though ſhe had not the name of the inn to give him, he could diſcover it.

This buſineſs happily adjuſted, the groans in the adjoining apartment roſe upon Julia's mind. She had purpoſely delayed her enquiries till Dick's departure, whom ſhe knew to be unbleſſed with humanity. His wife, by a ſofter temper and a more complacent behavi-

our, had recommended herſelf better to the obſervation of Julia, and ſhe reſerved her ſympathies for her ear. Aſſuming, therefore, that eager and ſerious aſpect which the face wears when we are in earneſt, ſhe enquired who were the inhabitants of the neighbouring manſion? "An old man, (anſwered the woman) who I fancy is ſometimes in diſtreſs; but we have too many wants of our own to mind any others."—Indifferent as the woman was when ſhe ſaid this, Julia felt herſelf intereſted, and conceived much more than was expreſſed. Seeing her hoſteſs not very fond of ſocial woe, ſhe ſuppreſſed her emotions, and in a ſhort time after ſtole out into the ſtair-caſe. The door of the man in diſtreſs was exactly oppoſite to the watchman's, and ſhe gently knocked at it. There was no anſwer. She knocked more loudly, but all was ſilence.—"Alas! (ſaid ſhe to herſelf) if your grief is paſt utterance, I muſt enter without leave." She raiſed the latch, and entered.——It was a piteous ſight, and worthy of the tears of thoſe bright eyes which now ſhed them ſo plentifully. Imagine in your own mind, this lovely girl bending over a bed, which contained

ed in it, ſtretched along under a tattered rug, a man upon whoſe features Heaven ſeemed to have poured its bittereſt pangs. He was alive, but had ceaſed to groan becauſe he could groan no longer. In his arms were two children. His left was circled round one who was aſleep, —— his right round one who was—dead. He gazed upon Julia without any emotion, and made not an effort to move even his head. He looked as if he was RESIGNATION. That great Poet who ſuffered no ſcene of the ſoul and no ſituation of nature to eſcape him, has almoſt deſcribed him. He ſeemed

—— to pine in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
He lay like Patience on a monument
Smiling at Grief. SHAKESPEARE.

Here was that feaſt of exquiſite grief, that luxury of ſenſibility, which is fit only for thoſe exalted ſouls who move in the higher departments of humanity—It was fit for Julia.

At length Julia ſpoke. "Poor—poor man! what can relieve you?"—

He ſhook his head——*Nothing*. Here Julia's ſympathy once more broke looſe: her tears powered down inceſſantly. Tears are infectious. Two or three trickled down from the poor man's eye. "May God bleſs you! (ſaid he) you have ſhed the firſt tears that have been ſhed for me theſe ten years. The fountain of my ſorrows is almoſt exhauſted, but I have ſtill a drop to mix with your's." "Poor —poor man! (returned Julia) what ſhall I do to ſerve you?"—"O nothing! (he replied) nothing!—One of my children is dead, and the other will be ſo in half an hour—I am waiting for its death, and I ſhall then follow it."—Alas! (ſaid Julia ſitting upon the bed-ſide) would not you have it live? Is it impoſſible to recover it?" He anſwered, I hope it is." She then attempted to take hold of it; but he preſſed it cloſer to his ſide, and would not let it go. "I pity you, (ſaid Julia) and wiſh to relieve you: you and your child may ſtill live. Suffer me to be your friend." At this he only ſhook his head, and attempted to ſmile, as if to tell her it was impoſſible. However, not to be guided longer by a man who was in diſpair, ſhe was reſolved to adminiſter to the woes of the wretched.

She

She left the room, and returned to the watchman's wife. She ſlightly mentioned to her where ſhe had been, told her there was great diſtreſs, and begged of her to go out for a little wine, to be warmed for the uſe of the ſick. The woman (who was not deſtitute of much good-nature, though it was ſtrongly ſeaſoned with that vice ſo peculiar to good-natured people, indifference) readily obeyed. The wine which ſhe brought was warmed, and carried in by Julia herſelf to the ſolitary father. She inſiſted that her landlady ſhould not accompany her; from an opinion, perhaps, that this ſcene of ſorrows was too ſacred for the profane eye of the vulgar.

The man of deſpair, (naturally enough, in his ſituation) refuſed relief; but Julia inſiſted on the thing, and ſhe had ſhed too many tears to be refuſed. He deſired, however, that ſince they *muſt* be relieved, the child ſhould be relieved firſt. "As for you, (ſaid he, withdrawing his arm from the child which Julia was taking hold of, and turning to the one that was dead) as to you, my dear and lamented girl—my laſt

laſt and my beſt-beloved—you have cloſed your eye upon me, and you are ſmiling at life in the boſom of your mother. You was weary of hearing your father's groans. You fled to invite him to follow." He now kiſſed it, gazed upon it, hugged it, and wept upon it; and then dried the tears off its face, as if it could be conſcious of the favour.

In the mean time Julia was very buſy about *her* child, but her aſſiduities were almoſt baffled. The child had opened its eyes, but it refuſed to open its mouth. In ſhort, ſhe was obliged to call to her aſſiſtance her hoſteſs, who readily came, and between them they poured down ſome warm wine mixed with water in its throat. Still it was inſenſible; and at length it was thought prudent to carry it to the next room, to be nurſed before the fire; which the hoſteſs did.

Julia now adminſtered to the father, and he was revived. The balmy ſtrength of the wine recalled his expiring ſpirits, and warmed a heart which was almoſt cold. The firſt uſe he made of his new-acquired ſtrength was to thank his benefactreſs, and to enquire for

for his child. Being informed where it was, he ſeemed to be ſatisfied. Julia ſoon after prepared for him a bit of bread, thin and toaſted, which he eat with ſome difficulty. This, however, paved the way for his recovery; and in about two hours he was tolerably eaſy and ſtrong. The child in the other room made a ſlower progreſs back to life, but they did not deſpair.

This child (a boy) having been put to bed again, the watchman's wife reſumed her uſual occupations; while Julia, whoſe gentle faculties were ſtill attuned to ſoftneſs and diſtreſs, waited upon the father, and preſſed him warmly to reveal the origin and progreſs of his misfortunes. He ſhook his head at this requeſt, and told her it would be a hard taſk; beſides that, ſhe had already ſhed tears enough that day upon his account. However, he complied: and Julia, ſitting upon his bed-ſide, her cheek leaning upon her left hand, liſtened to a tale of deep and deſperate diſtreſs. "Behold before you (ſaid he,) ſtarved with hunger and covered with rags, a man who has long fought for his King, and ſpilt for him his deareſt blood—whoſe

whoſe body is covered with wounds, in defence of that country which now leaves him as you ſee him! Such is the balm they have applied to my wounds!" —Though his notes were querulous, they were eloquent. But truth is always eloquent.——At preſent I am neither in leiſure nor in the humour to repeat them; and perhaps I never ſhall.

When he finiſhed his melancholy tale, he caught hold of the hand of Julia, and preſſed it to his boſom.—" This boſom was *once* warm (ſaid he): but though it is cold, you are welcome in it. I cannot thank you; but my boy will live and do it, when I am crumbling in that grave from which you have drawn me for a moment." Julia, with that true politeneſs which is natural to virtuous minds, begged him to accept ſome money for his preſent neceſſities, and promiſed to viſit him till it could be no longer in her power.

It was now rather more than dinner-time, but neither Dick nor Joe appeared. Julia was growing uneaſy. Four o'clock ſtruck, but brought no comfort with it. It was five—but nobody arrived.

rived.——Six—ſeven—eight—nobody! During theſe intervals ſhe had paid frequent viſits to the man in diſtreſs, and applied every lenitive ſhe could invent to his affliction; and ſhe charged her hoſteſs with great ſincerity, at whatever time ſhe went away, to be attentive to his neceſſities till her return, which would be both certain and quick. So he was for the preſent pretty well provided for.

I have ſaid it was now eight o'clock, and nobody appeared. She became very, very uneaſy. It was now half paſt eight. "Still nobody!—Good Heaven! are my misfortunes never to end?"—It ſeems *not*, Julia: for about a quarter before nine two of Sir John Fielding's men entered, with Dick—drunk, very drunk—at their head.

Ah! it is as I always thought it.——This dirty world has but few good perſons in it, and theſe few it is continually harraſſing and peſtering with its evils—nor does it often ceaſe till it breaks their hearts. Shame on it, that an innocent beautiful Curate's daughter, who never prayed for the good things of this world,

world, nor for the evil upon its inhabitants, ſhould not be ſuffered to *go upon an errand* for her father without moleſtations and misfortunes! I repeat it—Shame upon ſo dirty a world!

Now, gentle reader, whatever your thoughts upon this affair may be, certain it is that Sir John Fielding's men are come in queſt of Julia; and, (as one of our great Poets ſays in one of his *Tragedies*, which, however, he ſtiles a *Comedy*) I'll lay you plums to pippins that you cannot conjecture their buſineſs with her.

To underſtand it, then, your memory muſt recur to the adventures of Julia with the highwayman. He had met her in the bagnio, and given her a purſe with money in it, and in their departure together from thence the highwayman was apprehended. Julia fled, and was afterwards by chance conducted to the round-houſe—as we have before related at large. Now the highwayman was apprehended upon the information of the courageous Officer of the Guards, of whoſe heroic and military virtues we have already ſpoke ſo loudly.

Juſt

Juſt when this coxcomb arrived at the office, the fat woman of Holborn had alighted there upon the ſame buſineſs. When the highwayman therefore was apperhended, the firſt buſineſs thought neceſſary was to ſearch him, and all the different purſes of the company were found upon him, except that of the fat woman. It was agreed that he could not have ſpent it in ſo ſhort a time: *ergo*, he muſt have given it away. To corroborate the ſuſpicion, the men recollected that a woman was along with him when he was apprehended, and the coxcomb Officer confirmed it. The caſe was therefore plain: Julia muſt have the purſe in her poſſeſſion. Away they ſally, with the Officer at their head, through ſtreets, bagnios, taverns, and night-houſes; but in vain: ſhe was nowhere to be found. The next night, between eight and nine, one of them met Dick the watchman. (Dick was at this time returning home to Julia without any anſwer or information; for inſtead of going on her errand, he went to get drunk with her money). The thief-taker enquired of him by chance, as the adventure happened within his circuit, if he had ſeen ſuch a lady—after deſcribing

deſcribing her very minutely. "Seen her (ſays Dick)! why, ſhe is at my houſe." This information was ſufficient for the ſervant of Juſtice: he took Dick by the arm, and ſummoning one of his companions, ſet off for the lodging of Julia.

We have already ſeen them introduced where ſhe was. They ſeized her without ceremony, and proceeded, as uſual, to ſearch her. The fatal purſe, ſo remarkable for the golden taſſel at either end, was in a moment found.—This confirmed the ſuſpicion, and ſhe was carried away as an accomplice.—When will perſecution ceaſe to follow Virtue?

Sir John was not that night at home, and they informed her that ſhe muſt be impriſoned till morning. *Impriſoned!* She ſhrieked at the very ſound.——"Pſhaw! (ſaid one of them, ſeeing her confuſion) you need not be terrified, I aſſure you, Ma'am: we are not going to a common priſon. I have a pretty, little, ſnug houſe, and as cloſe as a cage, where you may ſleep as ſafely and ſoundly as in your own bedchamber. No

No difference in the world, I aſſure you, Ma'am—only that every door and window in the houſe is incloſed with ſtrong and triple iron bars. That's all, I aſſure you, Ma'am: and notwithſtanding all theſe advantages, it will coſt you only a *guinea* for your bed—not a farthing more, I aſſure you, Ma'am. I keeps the beſt uſage, the beſt *tendance*, and the beſt wines in the *Garden*, I aſſure you, Ma'am!—Lord, Ma'am, then, what do you pout at? no cauſe to be terrified, I aſſure you, Ma'am!"

Eloquent as this language, was, and comfortable, it did not greatly gladden the heart of Julia. But there was no choice in the caſe, and ſhe followed her guides. Arrived, they led her into an upper apartment, where there was a fire, and good furniture. She was left alone for ten minutes; at the end of which the landlord waited upon her, and aſked what ſhe choſe for ſupper. "Nothing"—What did ſhe chooſe to drink, then? "Nothing." Oho, (replied he) an' if ſo be that you are ſo ruſty, good night to you with all my heart." He then turned upon his heels; and pulling the door after him with fury, locked it with

with a key which grated as it turned, amidſt the rattling of chains and the clanking of iron bars.

Dreadful ſounds to ſuch an ear as Julia's! Her teeth gritted, and her joints trembled. This was the ſevereſt ſtroke of all To be impriſoned! and as an accomplice of a highwayman too! "But ſhe ſubmitted to Heaven, where all her wiſhes reſted: her hopes leaned upon that, and upon the prayers of her father."

She retired to bed, but could not ſleep: her misfortunes ſtill interrupted, and occupied her whole ſoul. She tried again, but in vain: and to this purpoſe ſhe recollected the lines of her favourite Young. Sleep, ſays he,

———Like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where fortune ſmiles: the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.

Her mind recurred to the ſcenes that were

were paſt, and reluctantly brooded over the gloomy aſſemblage. And in truth, when we reflect upon it, her caſe was rather hard. It was now only the third night ſince ſhe had quitted the peaceful manſion-houſe of Elmwood, and the arms of her father.——The firſt night ſhe was ſomewhere upon the road; the ſecond ſhe was in a bagnio, and in a round-houſe, and in a garret; and the third ſhe was in priſon. Each of theſe misfortunes was a mountain upon her mind, under which it ſtruggled; but by the ſtruggle it only became more feeble.

At length the ſoul, by its powerful and violent workings, overcame the body. Wearied with affliction, her ſpirits languiſhed, and nature ſunk into ſlumber. Sleep of this kind, though not always the moſt placid, is the heavieſt. She ſlept till eight in the morning; when ſhe aroſe. At nine they paid her a viſit, and ſhe eat ſome breakfaſt; and at ten ſhe was carried, with a beating heart, in a coach to Bow-ſtreet.

Here ſhe did not wait long for the appearance of the Juſtice, for every thing was prepared; even the unhappy highwayman was in waiting, as neceſ-

ſary

ſary to the examination. Indeed, it was thought moſt proper to begin with queſtioning him apart upon the ſubject, and then with examining Julia; and by the compariſon of their reſpective evidences the truth might be eaſily diſcovered.

When the highwayman had been examined upon his own account, an obſtinacy natural to men in his deſperate ſituation prevented him from giving any account of the purſe which was miſſing. But now, when he was informed that Julia was really in cuſtody, that honour which was not yet entirely extinguiſhed in his heart, was rouſed for her ſafety. He ingenuouſly told Sir John the hiſtory of the purſe, with even its moſt minute circumſtances; that he had robbed her amongſt the reſt; that he afterwards met her accidentally in the bagnio, and gave her the money only with a view of reſtoring her own; that he had not been above ten minutes in her company, and that ſhe was in every reſpect innocent of the crime with which ſhe was charged.

Julia was next examined, and her evidence

evidence moſt exactly ſquared with the former. Ingenuous as uſual, ſhe took up the ſtory at Elmwood, and carried it forward to the ſtory of the purſe; and ſhe told her little tale with that truth and ſimplicity which can never be counterfeited. Yet frequent attempts are made to imitate theſe amiable virtues, and the Juſtice was ſenſible of this: He had heard her mention that ſhe had letters for Lord C——, and he deſired to ſee them. Theſe ſhe inſtantly produced to vouch for her ſincerity. She added too, that there was *ſomewhere* in town a perſon who could confirm her words beyond ſuſpicion; but alas! poor *Joe*! ſhe knew not where to find him. "*Joe!* (ſaid one of the Juſtices's men who ſtood behind Julia)—what, is your name *Julia*, madam?" Yes (replied Julia)." The man immediately ran out, and brought back in his hand the *Daily Advertiſer*, in which he read the following advertiſement.

"*If a ſarten yung Lady, Miſs Julllia—(whoſe name is nothing to nobody, and which I doan't mention here, becauſe I doan't think it proper)—ſees this, this is to let you kno, Miſs Jullia, that Joe duſn't kno where you be,*

be, and that you duſn't kno where Joe is, for he is to be found at the ſine of the Swain with too Necks in Lad Lane, and no where elſe, as witneſs my hand, by me,

JOE ——."

This very extraordinary advertiſement is copied *verbatum et literatum* from the real paper, which I have now in my poſſeſſion. Julia liſtened to it with attention, and confeſſed her feelings in her eyes, which gliſtened with expectation. Not contented with an aural information, ſhe ſnatched the paper, and devoured the precious morſel with her own eyes. In ſhort the ſimplicity of the thing ſpoke for itſelf, and Joe it was moſt undoubtedly.

But it may be neceſſary to explain this affair. I again ſummon the memory of my readers back to that time of our hiſtory, when Joe and Julia unluckily parted in Holborn. Joe did not look for her till the coach ſtopt in the Inn-yard, and then he waited at the door of it for her appearance. He thought her long in coming, but his patience was not exhauſted. The reſt of the company had been out of the coach

coach ſome minutes. At length he ventured to thruſt in his head—but ſhe was not there! He ſtarted back on his heel, and gazed widely round the yard, but in vain. Oppoſite to him he ſaw the door of a public room open, and he ruſhed in without ceremony: From thence he ſallied into the kitchen, ſtrode into the parlour, threw his eye into the bar, and peeped into the larder. Wounds! he looks furious, and he is almoſt breathleſs! He marched into the ſtables, and in ſhort into every place where he ſaw a door open to receive him—but all would not do: She was not to be found. He returned to the coach, took one peep more into it, but all was ſolitary! "God bleſs my heart (ſaid Joe to himſelf fidgetting, and ſcratching among his auburn hair) protect and ſave me from all temptations and evil ſpirits! I wiſh I could ſee Miſs Julia again." Now, at laſt, he bethought him of what he ought to have done at firſt, viz. to queſtion the coachman concerning the affair, and the coachman informed him of the whole truth. This information in no degree abated his anxiety. "Didn't ſhe leave no word with you for me?" (ſaid he to

the coachman.) No.—"Don't you know where ſhe went?"—No.—"Don't you think ſhe'll come here this night?"—I can't tell you, upon my word.—Joe with downcaſt looks and folded arms meaſured the ſpace acroſs the yard with long and melancholy ſtrides. He walked into the paſſage of the houſe, and marked the clock. He counted the hours, as they rolled ſlow and heavy, but he ſaw not his miſtreſs. It was now ten o'clock, but no Julia came.—Alas! alas!

They are not the ſevereſt, but they are the moſt anxious moments the mind knows, when the poſſeſſor of it, ſimple, timid, and honeſt, feels himſelf far from home, and forſaken in the midſt of ſtrangers. Theſe moments Joe now felt in all their bitterneſs. He went to bed without hope, and he aroſe in the morning in deſpair. He grieved inceſſantly, and he wiſhed for the boſom of a friend to lean his griefs upon it. At length he diſcloſed his mind to the hoſtler, and the hoſtler gave him his advice. It was this: *To advertiſe.* Every body, he ſaid, did it, upon every ſubject. "Always when he loſt a *horſe*, he

he advertiſed for it; and why might not Joe do the ſame now for *Julia?* It would certainly lay open the whole affair, for advertiſements could do any thing."

At this time Joe ſtood too greatly in need of comfort, not to take any advice that was offered to him. But he thought this advice excellent. He accordingly wrote with great care the advertiſement we have already repeated, and the hoſtler ſent one of his boys with him to the *Daily Advertiſer.*—And this is the hiſtory of this extraordinary advertiſement.

When the Juſtice found ſo many circumſtances ſpontaneouſly conſpiring to vindicate her innocence, that her amiable ſimplicity ſubjected her to ſo many dangers, and that ſhe was the object rather of a polite humanity than of perſecution, he reſolved to intereſt himſelf in her ſafety. And, in the firſt place, he ordered one of his men to go and conduct Joe to his miſtreſs. As to the fat woman, the Juſtice told her that her money ſhould be taken care of;

and the highwayman was remanded to priſon.

Joe arrives. I have not time to deſcribe every thing; but my readers may be aſſured that the meeting between him and Julia was full affectionate. Suffice it to ſay, that Julia preſſed him warmly by the hand, and half cried with joy; and that Joe took faſt hold of the ſkirt of her robe, as if he dreaded her running away from him once more.

The friends thus met, the Juſtice politely aſked Julia how he could moſt effectually ſerve her? She replied, that her only buſineſs in town was to deliver her letters to Lord C——, and that if he would favour her with a guide thither, ſhe would always remember him with the moſt unfeigned gratitude. This ſhe obtained; and, once more acknowledging her obligations to the Juſtice, they all ſet off for Berkeley-ſquare.

Here they ſoon arrived. The guide leaving them at the door. Joe immediately took off his hat, for he thought it high treaſon to be covered within ſix yards of a *Lord's* door: they knocked, but

but were told by the porter his Lordſhip was not at home. Julia ſaid ſhe was ſorry for that, becauſe ſhe had *letters of importance* for him. "I can't help that (anſwered the porter), he's not at home; and he'll not be home—I don't know when he'll be home."—But could not you gueſs Sir?—becauſe a *great deal depends upon it.*—"Lord, Ma'am (replied Cerberus)! I tell you I know nothing about it."—Sounds ſo ungentle, uttered by ſo rude a voice, frightened Julia effectually, and ſhe haſtened away from the door; and Joe, ſorrowful enough, was preparing to follow——when the porter beckoned him back with a *hem!* and the motion of his finger. "Pray, my lad, (ſaid this dog in office) who is that?"

My miſtreſs (anſwered Joe).

"Ay—from the country, I ſuppoſe?"

Yes (replied Joe): I come from the country too.

"O—ſo I ſee—ſo I ſee.—You are not acquainted, I find, with the *ways* in this town?"

No, Sir, (ſaid Joe)—not with *all* of them.

Why, then—(come hither—your ear a moment) I have the honour to be Lord C——'s porter; and my maſter has ordered me—that is, I and my maſter have agreed—to receive no letter here, unleſs the bearer gives me a crown.—However, as you and your miſtreſs are ſtrangers, and I am a man of honour, I'll be more merciful to you, and ſo conſent to take only half-a-crown—But mum—fly—not a word for your life—for if my maſter was to hear I *take ſo little*, he'd turn me out of my place.

Sure I am, maſter, (anſwered Joe) we are both very much obliged to you for being ſo kind.—But then what can you do for us, if ſo be that my Lord a'n't at home?

"Pſhaw, man! (ſaid the porter) run after your miſtreſs and bring the money, and I'll ſatisfy you about that."

O—an' that be all, (replied Joe) I can pay the money myſelf.

He

He drew out his laſt half-crown, and gave it. He then ran after Julia, and as he went he murmured to himſelf—"Icod tho', wern't that a *Lord's* houſe, it looks hugely like bribery and corruption."

Our two travellers now returned, and were received by the porter with a more gracious complaiſance. He now informed them, that, tho' his Lordſhip was out of town, he was only at his villa, and would certainly return to town to dinner; but that if they were in a hurry, my young Lord was at home, and that he had leave to open his father's letters in his abſence, Julia delivered her pacquet to the porter, and they were ordered to walk into the anti-chamber. The letters were ſent up to the noble youth in his dreſſing-room.

Now in order to prepare my readers for a very important æra in the life of my heroine, it may be neceſſary to relate what this noble youth was. A fooliſh grandmother had left him three thouſand a-year independent of his father, and of his age; all which, with three thouſand more, he gallantly ſpent

like a man of ſpirit, long before the year was done. He uſed to ſay, that every kingdom in Europe contributed to furniſh his ſeraglio: he only meant by this, that he kept in pay one French, one Spaniſh, one Italian, one Scandinavian, one German, one Iriſh, and one Britiſh nymph, all at one time; which he actually did. He was deep in the ſecret at Soho, very deep in the myſteries at Arthur's. He boaſted—and he had a right to do it—that he had killed five waiters, and ſhot two clergymen, and ſeven hundred ſheep; which laſt feat he performed as follows. He was a fowler when at his father's eſtate in the country; and when he had been unſucceſsful in purſuit of game, he always diſcharged his piece into the body of a ſheep. As this amuſement exactly hit his taſte, he would ſometimes re-charge, and re-diſcharge, till perhaps before his return home, he would leave half a dozen dead upon the field. He frequently obſerved, that this was an amuſement which ought to be practiſed by all Noblemen, in order to fit them to *command in the field* in time of war, in the ſervice of their country.—He boaſted too, that he had killed fifteen women by

by *breaking their hearts* with a hopeleſs paſſion. This, however, was (to uſe an old and honeſt Engliſh phraſe) a *lie*: for he never killed but one woman, and that was by *breaking*—not her *heart*, but her *neck*, and then throwing her into the horſe-pond, where he ſwore ſhe had drowned herſelf—But *ſhe* was only a dairy-maid. He boaſted alſo—But, in ſhort, we are tired with repeating his glories. Suffice it to ſay, that he is at preſent the pink of the young Peerage, and the ornament of mother H——'s —and St. James.

Such was the youth to whom the letter of the father of Julia was carried. He opened it, and on reading the following paragraph,

"*I have preſumed, my Lord, to ſend my* DAUGHTER *as the bearer of this petition,*" &c.

on reading this, he rung his bell with great haſte, and enquired if the *bearer* was below? Being informed that ſhe was, he flew down the ſtairs, and, looking in Julia's face, with the moſt polite courteſy he deſired her to walk up ſtairs

while he conſidered of her letter. The ſervants were ordered at the ſame time to conduct Joe into the hall, and be civil to him. Julia aſcended after her noble patron.

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Hic pauca deſunt. We muſt here paſs over the hiſtory of half an hour, becauſe it is not yet ripe for relation.

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In the mean time Lord C——'s Chaplain, who had been with his Lordſhip in the country, arrived at the houſe. He came home before his Lordſhip, to finiſh ſome buſineſs of importance to himſelf before dinner-time. When he entered, he obſerved Joe ſtaring about in the hall, and perceiving him to be a ſtranger from the country, entered into converſation with him. He had not many queſtions to aſk, for Joe with his uſual frankneſs told him the whole

whole hiſtory—about himſelf, about Julia, and Julia's buſineſs, and where ſhe was now, and with whom. Now this chaplain was plain in his manners and equally plain in his dreſs—ſo plain that he ſcarcely appeared to be *of the cloth.* Though an enemy to bloodſhed, he was far from being a coward; though a Churchman, he was no hypocrite; and though he deteſted ſubſcription to the Thirty-nine Articles, he was allowed to be a very honeſt man.

The Chaplain, having finiſhed his interview with Joe, was retiring to his own apartment. He had not opened his door, when a loud ſhriek ſaluted his ear—then another—and another. A thouſand ideas ruſhed upon his mind. He knew Julia by report, and he knew his young Lord by experience. There was no doubt of the buſineſs below. He haſtened down the ſtairs, and liſtened a moment at the key-hole. He could only perceive that ſome perſons were engaged in a violent ſtruggle, and that the chairs were knocked againſt each other. He tried to enter, but the door was locked. Placing his ſhoulder againſt it, therefore, he forced it forward with gentleneſs and with eaſe.

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He entered; and lo!—Innocence was once more in diſtreſs!

The hair of Julia was diſhevelled, and a handkerchief was drawn cloſe over her mouth, which prevented her cries. Her cloak and handkerchief lay upon the floor, and the arms of her raviſher were twined cloſely around her. A ſhoe had dropt from her foot, and many of the pins had quitted her boſom.—Unfortunate girl! doomed continually to be the prey of cowards and ſcoundrels!

The noble youth quitted his hold when the Chaplain appeared, and, advancing to him, exclaimed in a threatening tone. "How dare you, "Sir, force your impertinence upon *me* in my own dreſſing-room?"

"My Lord—(returned the young man, putting his left hand in his boſom, and giving him a full but indifferent look)—"My Lord—does it ſuit your high ſpirit to be told, that you are the meaneſt—O by far the meaneſt creature in your father's houſe? Noble, without worth—and proud, without dignity—you

you are beneath the pimp who caters for your appetites.——Poor, pitiful, wretched animal! I do not pull you by the noſe—I do not kick you on the breech—I do not laſh you round the room—I do not in any degree deign to chaſtiſe the wretch, who has ſtooped to inſult a woman.—Go then, you boaſter! retire into your cloſet, and bluſh in private; and remember that you have reduced yourſelf to be forced to hear theſe ſtinging truths even from ſo humble a man as your father's Chaplain.—I ſcorn, Sir, to tell your father that you are a ſcoundrel; but do not forget that for the future I conſider you as my inferior."

He finiſhed: and taking Julia by the hand, he led her out of the room, and drew the door behind him.

He conducted her into his own apartment, and ſympathized with her in that ſtrain of humane politeneſs which is ever inſeparable from undebauched minds. After ſhe had compoſed herſelf, he diſtantly enquired (as if he had not known) into her buſineſs. This was exactly a repetition of Joe's narration.

"I thank

"I thank you, Madam, (ſaid he) for your politeneſs. You will ſee Lord C—— in about an hour; but previouſly I think it my duty to inform you of what ought not to be longer concealed from you—it is now one o'clock.—Exactly at ten—about three hours ago—Lord C—— appointed me to the Curacy you are come to ſolicit. This information in no degree ſtartled Julia, nor unruffled her features. She obſerved, that ſince her father had not been lucky enough to obtain the Curacy, ſhe was happy the appointment was beſtowed upon a man who reſembled him ſo much in his virtues.

At the time ſpecified Lord C—— arrived. Julia was introduced to him by the Chaplain, and he ſent to his ſon for her letters. On reading them he confirmed what the Chaplain had mentioned.

He then turned to Julia, ſaluted her with that virtuous freedom for which he was always remarkable, and fondly converſed with her about the moments he had ſpent with her father about fifty years ago. He next inſiſted that ſhe ſhould

ſhould ſtay with him two or three days; to which ſhe with the utmoſt difficulty aſſented, and of which ſhe informed her father by letter. When the young Lord heard that Julia was to continue her viſit, he aſſumed ſome pretence for retiring to his father's villa till her departure.

Need I mention, that the Chaplain felt the force of the eyes of Julia? Alack! from the moment he firſt ſaw her in tears, his heart was wounded to the core—for the tears of a woman are irreſiſtible. Indeed the only good lines in one of our new tragedies are to this purpoſe:

——————Unſkilful they
Who dreſs the Queen of Love in wanton ſmiles:
Brighteſt ſhe ſhines amidſt a ſhow'r of tears:
The graces that adorn her beauty moſt
Are ſoftneſs, ſenſibility, and pity.
ALONZO.

Now with regard to this Chaplain—Julia, on her part—But I will not ſay and

any thing about it. Be it ſufficient to obſerve, that from the moment a man evinces his courage and his honour, the heart of a virtuous woman is ready to receive him.

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Hic multa deſunt. Here we muſt leap over the hiſtory of three days, for JULIA *will have it ſo.*

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On the morning of the fourth day, Julia and the Curate were preparing to ſet off on their journey for the banks of the Avon: ſhe to her father, and he to take poſſeſſion of his Curacy. Before their departure, he begged once more a word with her in private. He led her towards a very diſtant part of the houſe, into an humble apartment poſſeſſed by one of the old family-nurſes, whoſe favourite he long had been. Now though it may ſeem ſtrange that he

he ſhould lead her thither as a place of retirement, certain it is that it was by far the moſt retired and ſecret ſpot in the houſe; for the old woman was completely deaf, and almoſt blind: A few more days would cloſe her eyes for ever. In this humble manſion, he ſat at one ſide of a table, oppoſite to Julia, and he told her he had one favour to beg. "Three days (ſaid he), my beloved Julia, are paſt, in which I told you the true tale of my heart. You liſtened, it is true, but ſo faintly liſtened, that my hopes are ſcarcely kept alive. Before we depart—before we enter upon the buſtle of a high road——deign to beſtow on me one mark, to give me one aſſurance, that you do not deteſt me. Were it but—" The bluſhes and ſmiles of Julia interrupted him. She ſtretched her hand to him acroſs the table, and he almoſt devoured it with kiſſes.

In ſhort, they ſet off on their journey, attended by the truſty Joe. Without any accident, they arrived in due time at Elmwood. The father, overpowered by love and tenderneſs, ſunk at the ſide of his daughter. The daughter,

daughter, agitated by affection and joy, filled the boſom of her father with ſighs, and revived him with the plenty and warmth of her tears. The evening was ſpent in the recital of her adventures: while Joe, in the center of the green, had the whole village collected around him, and related to them the wonders of London.

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I muſt now cloſe this hiſtory. Several months have elapſed ſince the above events happened, and the young Curate is now happy in the warm boſom of his Julia. Julia too is bleſſed, for the houſes of her huſband and of her father are adjoining to each other.

THE

A REGISTER

OF

SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

YOU muſt know, Sir, that I am landlady of one of the moſt noted inns on the road to Scotland, and have ſeldom leſs than eight or ten couples a week, who go down rapturous lovers, and return man and wife.

If there be in this world an agreeable ſituation, it muſt be that in which a young couple find themſelves, when juſt let looſe from confinement, and whirling off to the Land of Promiſe. When the poſt-chaiſe is driving off, and the blinds are drawn up, ſure nothing can equal it. And yet, I do not know how, what with the fears of being purſued, or the wiſhes for greater happineſs, not one of my cuſtomers but ſeems gloomy and out of temper.

The

The gentlemen are all ſullen, and the ladies diſcontented.

But if it be ſo going down, how is it with them coming back? Having been for a fortnight together they are then mighty good company, to be ſure. It is then that the young Lady's indiſcretion ſtares her in the face, and the gentleman himſelf finds that much is to be done before the money comes in.

For my own part, Sir, I was married in the uſual way; all my friends were at the wedding; I was conducted with great ceremony from the table to the bed; and I do not find that it any ways diminiſhed my happineſs with my huſband, while, poor man, he continued with me. For my part, I am entirely for doing things in the old-family way; I hate your new-faſhioned manners, never loved an outlandiſh marriage in my life.

As I have had numbers call at my houſe, you may be ſure I was not idle in enquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot ſay that I ever heard much good come of them; and, of an hiſtory of twenty-five that I noted down in my ledger, I do not know a ſingle couple

ple that would not have been full as happy if they had gone the plain way to work, and aſked the conſent of their parents. To convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few.

Imprimis, Miſs Jenny Haſtings went down to Scotland with a taylor, who, to be ſure, for a taylor, was a very agreeable ſort of a man, But, I do not know how, he did not take proper meaſure of the young lady's diſpoſition: They quarrelled at my houſe on their return; ſo ſhe left him for a Cornet of dragoons, and he went back to his ſhop-board.

Miſs Rachel Runfor't went off with a grenadier. They ſpent all their money in going, for he carried her down in a poſt-chaiſe; and coming back ſhe helped to carry his knapſack.

Miſs Racket went down with her lover in their own phaeton; but upon their return, being very fond of driving, ſhe would be every now and then for holding the whip. This bred a diſpute; and before they were a fortnight toge-ther, ſhe felt that he could exerciſe the whip and ſomebody elſe beſides the horſes.

Miſs Meekly, though all compliance

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to the will of her lover, could never reconcile him to the change of his ſituation. It ſeems he married her ſuppoſing ſhe had a large fortune; but being deceived in his expectations, they parted, and now keep ſeparate garrets in Roſemary-Lane.

The next couple of whom I have any account, actually lived together in great harmony and uncloying kindneſs for no leſs than a month; but the lady, who was a little in years, having parted with her fortune to her deareſt life, he left her to make love to that better part of her which he valued more.

The next pair conſiſted of an Iriſh fortune-hunter and one of the prettieſt modeſteſt ladies that ever my eyes beheld. As He was a well-looking gentleman, all dreſt in lace, and as ſhe ſeemed very fond of him, I thought they were bleſt for life. Yet I was quickly miſtaken. The lady was no better than a common woman of the town, and he was no better than a ſharper; ſo they agreed upon a mutual divorce: He now dreſſes at the York Ball, and ſhe is in keeping by the Member for our borough in Parliament.

In this manner, we ſee that all thoſe marriages

marriages, in which there is intereſt on one ſide and diſobedience on the other, are not likely to promiſe a long harveſt of delights. If our fortune-hunting gentlemen would but ſpeak out, the young lady inſtead of a lover, would often find a ſneaking rogue, that only wanted the lady's purſe, and not her heart. For my own part, I never ſaw any thing but deſign and falſhood in every one of them; and my blood has boiled in my veins when I ſaw a young fellow of twenty kneeling at the feet of a twenty thouſand pounder, profeſſing his paſſion, while he was taking aim at her money. I do not deny but there may be love in a Scotch marriage, but it is generally all on one ſide.

Of all the ſincere admirers I ever knew, a man of my acquaintance, who, however, did not run away with his miſtreſs to Scotland, was the moſt ſo. An old exciſeman of our town, who, as you may gueſs, was not very rich, had a daughter, who, as you ſhall ſee, was not very handſome. It was the opinion of every body, that this young woman would not ſoon be married, as ſhe wanted two main articles, beauty and fortune. But for all this, a very

very well-looking man, that happened to be travelling thoſe parts, came and aſked the exciſeman for his daughter in marriage. The exciſeman, willing to deal openly by him, aſked if he had ſeen the girl: "For, ſays he, ſhe is humpbacked." Very well, cried the ſtranger, that will do for me, "Aye, ſays the exciſeman, but my daughter is as brown as a berry." So much the better, cried the ſtranger; ſuch ſkins wear well. "But ſhe is bandy-legged," ſays the exciſeman." No matter, cries the other; her petticoats will hide that defect. "But then ſhe is very poor, and wants an eye." Your deſcription delights me, cries the ſtranger. I have been long looking out for one of her make; for I keep an exhibition of wild beaſts, and intend to ſhew her off for a Chimpanzee.

THE

THE HISTORY OF

CYRILLO PADOVANO,

THE NOTED SLEEP-WALKER.

BY THE SAME.

IT has often been a queſtion in the Schools, Whether it be preferable to be a King by day, and a Beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the queſtion, a Beggar by day, and a Monarch while ſleeping? It has been uſually decided, that the ſleeping Monarch was the happieſt man, ſince he is ſuppoſed to enjoy all his happineſs without contamination; while the Monarch, in reality, feels the various inconveniencies that attend his ſtation.

However this may be, there are none ſure more miſerable than thoſe who enjoy neither ſituation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniencies of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their miſery in a dream. Of this kind was the

famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may ſo expreſs it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he profeſſed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua, in Italy, a little, brown-complexion'd man, and, while awake, remarkable for his ſimplicity, probity, piety and candour; but unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the ſtrongeſt kind, and ſeemed to overturn the whole ſyſtem of waking morality; for he every night walked in his ſleep, and upon ſuch occaſions was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The firſt remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo, was at the Univerſity, where he ſhewed no great marks of learning, though ſome of aſſiduity. Upon a certain occaſion his maſter ſet him a very long and difficult exerciſe, which Cyrillo found it impoſſible, as he ſuppoſed, to execute. Depreſſed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chaſtiſed the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneaſy: but awaking in the morning, to his great ſurprize he found his exerciſe completely aad perfectly finiſhed, lying upon his table, and, ſtill more extraordina-

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ry, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his maſter when he gave up his taſk, who, being equally aſtoniſhed with him, reſolved to try him the next day with a longer and a more difficult taſk, and to watch him at night when he retired to reſt. Accordingly, Cyrillo was ſeen going to bed with great uneaſineſs, and ſoon was heard to ſleep profoundly: but this did not continue long; for in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, alighted his candle, and ſat down to ſtudy, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's not naturally very ſtrong, and never at reſt, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, ſolicitous, and deſponding. In conſequence of this turn of thinking he reſolved to leave the world and turn Carthuſian, which is the moſt rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a ſevere and abſtemious life, he was here ſeen to ſet leſſons of piety to the whole Convent, and to ſhew that he deſerved the approbation as well of his fellows in ſecluſion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not laſt long; for it was ſoon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his ſleep all the good

actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The firſt pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more looſely than became one of his profeſſed piety, As it is againſt the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and tho' there was nothing very edifying in his ſleeping converſation, yet the Convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully obſerved upon one of theſe occaſions, the following circumſtances offered. One evening, having fallen aſleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immoveable for about an hour; but then turning about in the attitude of a liſtener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard ſpoken; then ſnapping his fingers, to ſhew he did not value the ſpeaker, he turned towards the next perſon, and made a ſign with his fingers as if he wanted ſnuff: not being ſupplied, he ſeemed a little diſconcerted; and pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he ſcraped the inſide as if to find ſome: he next very carefully put

put up his box again; and looking round him with great ſuſpicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for ſome time immoveable; but, without any ſeeming cauſe, flew into a moſt outrageous paſſion, in which he ſpared neither oaths nor execrations, which ſo aſtoniſhed and ſcandalized his brother Friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no farther, nor driven his ſleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very buſily up to the altar, and in a little beaufet beneath to rummage with ſome degree of aſſiduity. It is ſuppoſed that he wiſhed to ſteal the plate which was uſually depoſited there, but which had accidentally been ſent off the day before to be cleaned. Diſappointed in this, he ſeemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official ſilk veſtments; and finding that he could carry ſtill more, he put one or two more over each other; and thus cumbrouſly accoutred, he ſtole off with a look of terror to his cell: there hiding his ill-got

finery beneath his matraſs, he laid himſelf down to continue his nap. Thoſe who had watched him during this interval, were willing to ſee his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awaked, he ſeemed at firſt a good deal ſurpriſed at the lump in the midde of his bed; and going to examine the cauſe, was ſtill more aſtoniſhed at the quantity of veſtments that were bundled there: he went among his fellows of the Convent, enquired how they came to be placed there, and learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His laſt and greateſt project was conſidered of a ſtill more heinous nature. A Lady, who had long been a benefactor to the Convent, happening to die, was deſirous of being buried in the cloyſter, in a vault which ſhe had made for that purpoſe. It was there that ſhe was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which ſhe had great abundance. The ſolemnity attending her funeral was magnificient, the expences great, and the ſermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief none ſeemed more affected than Cyrillo,

Cyrillo, or ſet an example of ſincerer mortification. The Society conſidered the depoſition of their benefactreſs among them as a very great honour, and maſſes in abundance were promiſed for her ſafety. But what was the amazement of the whole Convent the next day, when they found the vault in which ſhe was depoſited broke open, the body mangled, her fingers on which were ſome rings cut off, and all her finery carried away! Every perſon in the Convent was ſhocked at ſuch barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremoſt in condemning the ſacrilege. However, ſhortly after, on going to his cell, having occaſion to examine under his matraſs, he there found that he alone was the guiltleſs plunderer. The Convent was ſoon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general requeſt of the fraternity, he was removed to another monaſtery, where the Prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing miſchief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

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